K/A.I. and B., C.

A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

For the Uſe of

THOSE THAT SEEK,

AND

THOSE THAT HAVE

REDEMPTION

IN THE

BLOOD of CHRIST.

And they ſung a new SONG, ſaying THOU art worthy; for THOU waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us to GOD by thy BLOOD. *Rev.* 5. 9.

The SECOND EDITION with an APPENDIX.

KENDAL:
Printed: by THOMAS ASHBURNER,
MDCCLXI.

A

The PREFACE.

ANGELS, and saints made perfect, do the will of God with chearfulness and alacrity; singing praise continually to him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Saints on earth, who have tasted the rich mercies of redeeming love, in their degree return thanksgiving and adoration to the Father for his everlasting love: to the Son for the redemption wrought out by his obedience and death: and to the Holy Ghost, who hath called them out of darkness into light; revealed and applied Jesus Christ to their hearts: and remains their faithful guide and comforter along the narrow way.

Indeed we never can do justice to the subject of redeeming love. But as our lips are touch'd with a live-coal from the altar, we learn to lisp and stammer out the praise of the holy triune God: making melody in

our hearts to the Lord; ſpeaking to our-ſelves in pſalms, and hymns and ſpiritual ſongs. —Singing is one part of chriſtian worſhip, and ſhould be performed with ſe-rioufneſs and recollection, with the ſpirit, and with the underſtanding; even as in the preſence of God our Saviour.

For the uſe of the church of God, ſome-thing of this kind hath been offered to their ſervice in all ages of chriſtianity. This little book makes its appearance among the reſt; not to eclipſe any uſeful work of this kind already extant, nor to intimate, as if thoſe hymns now in print were not ſufficiently ſuitable to the children of God thro' every period of grace. No: but if this our mite, ſhould contribute to the ſup-portance of our Redeemer's honour, and the good of ſouls; we have our reward, and ſhall rejoice on that account. And we freely acknowledge that many hymns, long ſince as well as lately printed, are in many reſpects far ſuperior to theſe. For

many of the following hymns were compoſed by ſuch as are greatly deſtitute of the aids of human learning. But theſe things they have learned of God; for all his children ſhall be ſo taught.——Such, as expreſs the triumph of faith and love, the language of an heart enamoured with the beauty and excellency of Chriſt; and others, that ſpeak of temptations, deſertions, or indwelling corruption, may offend ſome people, who neither know themſelves nor the power of God. But ſcripture-warrant is ſufficient to juſtify us in this reſpect. And if contrary to our intention, any matter or expreſſion ſhould be found in theſe hymns contradictory to the doctrine, or form of ſound words delivered in the holy ſcriptures, we diſavow it: and upon better information will retract, leave out, or amend it. We neither pretend to perfection, nor infallibility. We are conſcious of our defects; and ſuppoſe, that more faults may and will be found than we are aware of. However, we mean well; and would not willingly

lingly offend any ſerious perſon in any denomination, who allows the ſcriptures under the teaching of the Holy Ghoſt, to be the *STANDARD* of chriſtian principles in faith, practice, and diſcipline. But if any one be otherwiſe minded, we wiſh he would let theſe hymns alone: for we do, and muſt diſagree with him; and we cannot help it. For our touchſtone of truth is "To the law and to the teſtimony." *Iſaiah* 8. 20. "We are exhorted earneſtly to contend for the faith once delivered to the ſaints, *Jude* 3. "And whoſoever tranſgreſſeth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Chriſt, hath not God" 2 *John* 9.

Jeſus Chriſt is our main ſubject in his prophetical, prieſtly and kingly office: for he is become the object of our faith, hope and love; and him undivided we cordially embrace and follow. We wiſh all our fellow-creatures the ſame happineſs; and nothing could give us more extenſive and real joy, than to behold ſin and iniquity decreaſe;

decreaſe; and the kingdom of grace eſtabliſhed in the heart of men, and maintained in all holy converſation. We now rejoice in God our Saviour; and it would ſtill add to our joy, to ſee male and female, high and low, great and ſmall, learned and unlearned, preachers and hearers ſubmitting themſelves to the God-Man Jeſus Chriſt, the hope of glory; that he might be in all, and their all: as he is the fullneſs of him who filleth all in all.

Little Book, thou art going into a wiſe and critical world. With what paſſport wilt thou travel? or how wilt thou make thy way? under the patronage of the man of honour of power, of learning? or under the protection of the man of ſorrows, who is Lord and Maſter of thy authors? go forth in the name of the God of *Iſrael*; and may his kind hand be over thee for preſervation; and his grace with thee for edification. May his ſpecial providence direct thy courſe, and bring thee into proper hands with well

diſpoſed

disposed hearts. And may the unction of his blessed spirit be upon thee, covering every page with such a divine dew: that the thirsty reader may catch the savour; and Christ's blood bedew his heart. So shall the reading or singing of thee become sweet agreeable and edifying; tho' thy dress be plain, and thy authors of no account.

That the knowledge of God may cover the earth, as the waters do the sea: that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ: and that the peace of God's children may be as a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea, is, courteous reader, the ardent and repeated prayer of thy well-wishers the authors.

I. A.
C. B. &c.

A COLLECTION

A

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HYMNS.

HYMN I.

SWeet was the hour, the minutes ſweet,
When my beloved me did meet
His death to evidence:
My heart, which wounded was before,
Kindly he bound; therein did pour
Love's healing Quinteſſence.

2. Death's heritage he then laid waſte,
And calm'd each ſtormy furious blaſt,
And cancell'd all my ſins:
Placing his Croſs before mine Eyes,
Look to me and be ſav'd, he cries,
From death thy life begins.

3. Sweet was the feaſt my heart enjoy'd,
I ate, I drank, nor was I cloy'd,
For more I thirſted ſtill:
Here let me ſtay, I longing pray'd,
Sure this is Achor's vale, I ſaid,
Or holy Tabor's hill.

4. His left hand under me was plac'd,
And his right hand my Soul embrac'd,
His kiſſes ſweet did prove:
Safely I ſat beneath his ſhade,
Quite round my ſoul, he overſpread
His Canopy of Love.

5. The wat'ry deep, he did divide,
The haughty Tyrant's pow'r deſtroy'd,
And broke his Chariots ſtrong:
Thinking he would aſſault no more,
But that I now was ſafe on ſhore,
I ſung the Hebrew's ſong.

6. I ſung aſſur'd of Jeſu's Love,
Refreſh'd with Manna from above,
For fleſh no more I cry'd;
Warm'd with the ſun's enliv'ning beams,
I laid me down at Shiloh's ſtreams,
Content and ſatisfy'd.

7. Untouch'd by Satan's envious crew,
Upon my fleece, like drops of dew,
His free grace did deſcend;
Strangers in vain attempt to tell
The joy immenſe, unſpeakable,
I found in Chriſt, my friend.

8. My mountain ſtrong, as Baſan, ſtood;
I thought that unbelief's ſtrong flood
Would ne'er aſſail me more:
At this my Bridegroom jealous grew,
His frequent viſits he withdrew;
And then I felt quite poor.

9. Sin, which did heretofore ſeem dead,
Reviv'd again, and rais'd its head;
This made me doubting cry,

Were

Were all my joys but as a dream?
Still, still I feel I am unclean;
Help, Lord, or yet I die.

10. Like as the lonely Turtles mourn,
So griev'd I for my Lord's return;
I ſought, I call'd, I cry'd:
Tell me, Jeruſalem's daughters tell,
Where my beloved Lord doth dwell,
And where his flocks abide.

11. His abſence, Oh! I cannot bear;
Each hour, each minute ſeems a year;
Come, Jeſus, quickly come:
Was I the cauſe thou didſt depart?
Did I, O Jeſus, grieve thy heart?
Why didſt thou go ſo ſoon?

12. If ſo, dear Lamb, I proſtrate fall,
And at thy feet for mercy call,
Pardon, forgive, paſs by:
Were not thy hands and feet bor'd through,
Thy ſide and temples wounded too,
To bring backſliders nigh?

13. Think then, dear Jeſus, on thy pain,
The toil and ſmart thou didſt ſuſtain
To ranſom my poor heart:
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
And make my heart thy conſtant home,
Nor ever more depart.

14. No more let ſable clouds of night
Ariſe, to intercept my light,
Or earth my heart detain:
By thy dear croſs ſtill let me ſtay,
Here let me ſing my ſelf away,
And die to live again.

HYMN

HYMN H.

WHEN Jesus first unveil'd his face,
And touch'd my heart with heav'nly grace,
My thoughts were drawn above;
Quite happy in my Saviour's arms,
Shut up from sin's invading harms,
I triumph'd in his love.

2. Thus ravish'd with celestial joys,
I overlook'd all earthly toys,
And chearfully press'd on;
His love out-ballanc'd all beside,
I daily sung the crucify'd,
And call'd the Lord my own.

3. But when temptations fierce assail'd,
My steadiness and courage fail'd,
My former strength decay'd;
Pleasures of sense, and worldly pride
My heart and Jesus did divide,
Thro' which from him I stray'd.

4. A slave at once to sin I fell,
Thoughtlesly trod the track of hell,
And gave my lusts the rein:
Asham'd to own my Saviour, I
My roving thoughts did gratify,
Leaving my God for sin.

5. Scar'd by a mortal's angry frown,
My God, my Saviour, I disown,
T' avoid the curse and shame;
Countenanc'd by a human smile,
I fell a slave to my own will,
And crucify'd my Lamb.

6. Thus

6. Thus at a diſtance did I rove,
Abuſing Jeſu's grace and love,
And dark'ning ev'ry beam:
Servant to ſin I ſtray'd from God,
And trampl'd on his precious blood,
And vilify'd his name.

7. Yet ſtill at times I wounded was,
I knew no ſure nor laſting peace,
Had daily ſtings for ſin;
But labour'd ev'ry day and hour,
To ſtupify their force and pow'r,
To get releaſe from pain.

8. Unwilling was the dying God,
That I ſhould trifle with his blood,
And turn my day to night;
Yet readily I fell a prey
To ſin and it's deſtructive way,
And wander'd from the light.

9. Obnoxious thus to ev'ry ill,
Abandon'd to my corrupt will,
I wallow'd in my blood;
Contentedly on huſks I fed,
And caus'd the Saviour's wounds to bleed,
And griev'd my Lord and God.

10. But oh! he ſaw me in my blood
Polluted, combating with God,
And gave the ſenſe of ſin;
My grand rebellion then appear'd,
Stupid I found my heart, and fear'd
Thro' enmity within.

11. Tho' now I knew my woeful caſe,
My ſins forbad me Jeſu's grace,
My eyes o'erflow'd with tears;

No refuge, no! nor help I found,
Nothing to heal my open'd wound,
Nothing but helliſh fears.

12. My pain my trouble ſtill increas'd,
Nor in my ſoul one moment ceas'd,
No glimpſe of hope I felt;
Thus puniſh'd by an angry God,
I lay debarr'd from Jeſu's blood,
Oppreſs'd with fear and guilt.

13. Scarce durſt I now for mercy call,
Condemn'd I ſtood, ready to fall
A victim to his wrath;
Juſt then his pard'ning voice I heard,
Chriſt in his bloody form appear'd
Pleading for me his death.

14. "He cries, I all thy ſins forgive,"
"Return, return, and thou ſhalt live,"
"And my free mercies taſte:"
"All thy backſlidings I'll paſs by,"
"And love thee thro' eternity,"
"Eraſing out what's paſt."

15. Abaſh'd I ſtood, aſham'd to ſee
My Saviour pleading there for me,
Who had diſown'd his name;
An Holy ſhame bow'd down my ſoul,
To think the Saviour ſhou'd recall
A rebel to his train.

16. Proſtrate I fell before his feet
With bluſhing ſhame, and did entreat
For blood to make me clean;
The Lord unto my ſuit gave ear,
And eas'd my heart, and heard my pray'r,
And cleanſed me from ſin.

17. Thus

17. Thus fre'd from bondage, I did prove
The ſweets of his redeeming love,
And baſk'd in ſunny beams;
In this ſweet frame I did rejoice,
And hearken'd to my Saviour's voice,
And drank of living ſtreams.

HYMN III.

JESUS, the Saviour of my ſoul,
Be thou my heart's delight;
Remain the ſame to me always,
My joy by day and night.

2. Hungry and thirſty after Thee,
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and happy kept
By thy Almighty pow'r.

3. Oh! may I never once forget
What a poor worm I am;
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,
The blood of God's dear Lamb.

4. May thy bleſt Spirit, in my heart
Sweetly diffuſe abroad
The love of God, th' incarnate God,
Who bought me with his blood.

5. In holy reverence, I would
With all my heart retain
Th' atonement made by Jeſu's blood,
And all his wounds and pain.

6. The myſt'ry of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the fleſh and blood of Chriſt
My choiceſt dainty be.

HYMN IV.

HOW ſhall I all my vileneſs own,
Or ſpeak of all the ſin I feel?
Where ſhall I find a place to moan,
Whilſt I'm an heir of death and hell?

2. Alas! I know not where to fly,
Or find a place to vent my grief;
Nor have I ſtrength enough to cry
To any, who can give relief.

3. What can a ſinner do like me,
When ſtruck by an Almighty pow'r,
And ſunk in deepeſt miſery?
Nothing but wait at mercy's door.

4. What eye can ſee, what heart can love,
What hand relieve my miſery?
None but the Saviour's from above,
Who for my ſins did bleed and die.

5. No other object wou'd I find
To eaſe, indulge, or pleaſe my mind;
Here wou'd I leave my fruitleſs ſtrife,
And prove his death the chriſtian's life.

6. Surely in mercy he'll paſs by,
And view a wretched ſlave of ſin;
Pity will move him to come nigh,
And waſh a filthy creature clean.

7. In mercy, Lord, thy creature ſee,
And ſpread thy ſkirt my ſhame to hide;
O ſpeak the word, and I ſhall be
Cloath'd with thy robe, and juſtify'd.

8. Then ſhall my happy ſoul enjoy
A laſting peace in Thee, my God;
Then my whole bus'neſs and employ
Shall be to ſpeak of Jeſu's blood.

HYMN V.

GIVE me, dear Lord, a tender heart,
Acquainted well with all thy ſmart,
Thy torments and thy pain:
And let each nail, each ſcourge and whip,
Each wound ſevere, and bloody ſtripe
Kindle within me thy love's flame.

2. Give me, my Lamb, a ſafe retreat
To ſit before thy pierced feet;
There taſting thy ſweet love,
I'll kiſs, and waſh them with my tears,
And bid adieu to all my fears,
And learn to ſing with ſaints above.

3. Thy bloody perſon on the tree
Ever affords delight to me;
Here let me view my God;
And from his wounds derive my bliſs,
And prove how ſavoury Jeſus is,
And feel the cleanſing pow'r of blood.

4. It's pow'r doth rend the marble heart,
Doth cauſe the rocks to quake, to part,
The veil away to paſs;
No more the outward court we tread,
But boldly thro' the Lamb our head
Enter within the holy place.

5. Our God, thro' faith's proſpective glaſs,
We now behold in Jeſu's face,
And find our pardon ſeal'd
By the Lamb's ſpirit; who thro' blood
Hath brought us to enjoy our God,
And Jeſus in the heart reveal'd.

6. Thanks

6. Thanks then to Thee, for what I know
Of this great myſtery below,
"Salvation comes by blood."
Since I'm thy ſpoil, thy name I'll praiſe,
And blaze the glory of thy grace,
And ſound thy fame to all abroad.

HYMN VI.

COVER'D with ſhame, O Jeſus dear!
For mercy I implore;
Vouchſafe thy ſuppliant to hear,
Pity, relieve, a ſinner poor;
Surely I have withſtood
Thy calls, and griev'd my God.

2. Guilt, like a ghoſt, purſues me ſtill,
And poiſons every ſweet;
Fruits of thy curſe I daily feel,
I feel, O Lord, the burthen great:
Hear, Jeſus, hear my cry,
And do not paſs me by.

3. I aſk not for the fading joys
Which from the creatures ſpring;
No, no; the world and all its toys
Can me no ſolid comfort bring:
I've ſought to find it here
With empty fruitleſs care.

4. I aſk that peace, which comes from Thee,
To eaſe my burthen'd ſoul;
I aſk that fruit from off the tree,
Which makes poor fainting ſinners whole:
Hear, Jeſus, hear my cry;
Smile on me, or I die.

5. Paint in my heart the bloody tree,
Which bore the Prince of peace;
That I may feel delivery,
And ſing aloud my glad releaſe:
Jeſus, thou ſhalt not go,
'Till I the bleſſing know.

HYMN VII.

AUTHOR of true and ſaving faith,
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'reſt in thy death,
A new believing heart.

2. Diſmiſs my griefs, my ſorrows end,
My reas'nings voice controul;
Approve thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And bleſs my helpeſs ſoul.

3. Long have I ſought thy peace to find,
But all my ſearch was vain;
For unbelief ſtill veil'd my mind,
And dwelling gnaw'd within.

4. At times thy word's attracting beams
Hath drawn my ſoul above;
Diffuſing thro' my heart the ſtreams
Of everlaſting love.

5. Sometimes I've had a little taſte,
And thought thy coming nigh;
But ah! the bleſſing did not laſt,
The viſitant paſs'd by.

6. And muſt I ever mourning go,
A ſtranger to thy love;
Shall I be join'd with ſaints below,
And not with ſaints above?

7. Shall

7. Shall I beneath the gospel stay,
And hear the call of grace;
And at the awful judgment-day
Be baniſh'd from thy face?

8. Oh! nay I feel a glim'ring hope,
E'er long thou wilt me bleſs;
And at the laſt wilt raiſe me up
A kingdom to poſſeſs.

HYMN VIII.

CAPTAIN of thine enliſted hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious banner high;
Send the white horſe from coaſt to coaſt,
And call a num'rous army nigh.

2. A ſolemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great ſabbatic day,
Let the year of releaſe be ſeen;
Spoil ſatan of his wiſh'd for prey.

3. Bid, bid thy heralds cry aloud,
Aloud, thy honour to proclaim;
And when they ſpeak of ſprinkling blood,
The myſt'ry to the heart explain.

4. Chaſe the uſurper from his throne,
Oh! chaſe him to his deſtin'd hell;
Stout-hearted ſinners overcome;
And peaceful in thy temple dwell.

5. The wall of bigotry break down;
On each a ſhow'r of grace diſtill;
The trembling comer freely own;
The hung'ry ſoul with good things fill.

Now

7. Fight for thyſelf, O Jeſus fight,
The travail of thy ſoul regain;
'Fore each blind ſoul make darkneſs, light,
To all make crooked paths quite plain.

8. Lead us ſafe thro' the wilderneſs;
Safely at death our ſouls remove
Ever to ſee thy ſmiling face;
Ever to ſing thy dying love.

HYMN IX.

I WAIT the viſits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God;
O come, and ſhew thy ſmiling face,
And waſh me in thy blood.

2. I languiſh almoſt in deſpair,
My weary ſoul lift up,
My mournful ſinking ſpirits chear,
Open a door of hope.

3. I ſee myſelf a ſinner baſe,
Infected quite throughout:
Whate'er I have, I have by grace,
Without thy grace I've nought.

4. If I for thee would do ſomething
In honour of thy name;
There is ſo much of ſelf within,
It gives me grief and ſhame.

5. Oh! whither can I go to get
A pardon for my ſin;
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him.

6. Oh! that I could but once by faith
Behold him on thee tree;
And ſee him languiſh there to death,
And ſhed his blood for me.

7. Oh! that I might but once be found
In that bleſt wedding-dreſs;
Which in my ears doth often ſound,
His blood and righteouſneſs.

8. 'Tis this alone can give me eaſe,
And heal my wounded heart:
My Saviour's blood and righteouſneſs,
His ſuff'rings and his ſmart.

HYMN X.

HEAR us, O Son of David, hear,
Who in thy gracious preſence ſtand;
Let pity move thy open ear;
Let mercy ſway thy gentle hand:
If love ſit ſmiling on thy brow,
Oh! let thy ſervants prove it now.

2. Like wand'ring ſheep we've turn'd aſide,
Far from thy fold we did depart;
Till Sinai's dreadful flames we ſpy'd,
Whoſe killing glances ſhook each heart:
Deep unto deep aloud now calls,
Wave over wave o'erwhelms our ſouls.

3. Shew pity then, thou ſhepherd good,
Who didſt by blood a church obtain,
Tho' hell thy kind deſign withſtood,
Thy arm the victory didſt gain:
Do then, dear Lord, thy blood apply,
And baniſh'd foreigners bring nigh.

4. The guilt of ſin far, far remove,
The dreadful flames of Sinai quench,
Caſt out our fear by perfect love,
Impart a laſting confidence:
Support us by thy ſtrength'ning pow'r,
In fierce temptation's trying hour.

5. This do, and never leave us, Lord,
But lead us on from faith to faith;
Feed us with thy refreſhing word,
And fix us in the goſpel path:
And when life's tedious journeys end,
A kind diſmiſſion gently ſend.

HYMN XI.

JESUS, thou tender heart,
Give me a while to ſit,
To learn the good and needful part,
In ſtillneſs at thy feet:
Low may I bow before
The footſtool of thy grace,
And love and praiſe thee more and more,
Till I behold thy face.

2. I AM, O glorious name!
What tribute is thy due?
Since I my God in human frame
And ſinful likeneſs view:
Thee cloath'd in fleſh and blood
I claſp cloſe in my arms;
My eyes with tears are overflow'd,
I'm won by thy dear charms.

3. Afford me free acceſs
Unto thy wounded ſide,

There would I fix my dwelling-place,
And there forever hide:
Sprinkle my heart afresh,
And my whole frame renew;
Subdue and crucify the flesh,
And form me all anew.

HYMN XII.

STAND fast in the liberty,
Beloved sons of God,
Wherewith Christ hath made you free,
And seal'd it with his blood;
With unwearied search pursue
The mystery of godliness,
Then his grace shall drop like dew,
And fill your hearts with peace.

2. If assaulted by the foe,
Directly to him say,
I am Christ's; for by his woe
He took my sins away;
I'm adopted thro' his pain,
Jehovah's son, and heir of faith;
I'm espoused to the Lamb,
And ransom'd by his death.

3. If a thought of sin spring up,
Or in your hearts arise;
Hasten to the door of hope,
To Jesus turn your eyes:
There you will refreshment find,
And pow'r your foes to overcome,
Grace to chear the troubled mind,
And strength to bear you home.

4. Still thro' love obey the Lamb,
And not thro' fear of death;
Nor in bondage fear his name,
But freely ſerve in faith:
Hearken to his mild command,
And this bleſs'd liberty poſſeſs;
Still unmov'd by Jeſus ſtand,
And prize the God of grace.

5. Happy church, who haſt receiv'd
The robes of righteouſneſs,
In the Saviour's name believ'd:
O celebrate his praiſe!
Saints, who ſtand before the throne,
With everlaſting glory crown'd,
One with God, with Jeſus one,
His merits loudly ſound.

HYMN XIII.

HOW ſhall I my caſe relate,
Or utter forth my want,
Speak my preſent helpleſs ſtate,
Or half my blackneſs paint!
Vileſt of the ſons of men,
A monſter of iniquity,
Frankly I confeſs my ſhame,
And own my miſery.

2. Baſe, unworthy, and unclean,
Juſt at the point to die,
Wallowing in my filth and ſin,
For grace I faintly cry;
See me, Lord, defil'd in blood,
Obſerve and help me thro' my toil;
Eaſe me of my heavy load,
And calm my ruffled ſoul.

3. Bid the winds and waves be ſtill,
These warring ſtorms within;
Break my ſtubborn ſtupid will,
And mould it into thine:
Quell the tempter's furious rage,
And baffle all his baſe deſigns;
Lord, on my behalf ingage,
And conquer all my ſins.

4. Take away this noxious weed,
This ſullen unbelief;
Sow the pure immortal ſeed
Unto eternal life:
Viſit, Lord, my lukewarm frame,
And drop a coal of ſacred fire;
Raiſe within my heart a flame
Of infinite deſire.

5. Keep me in an humble mind,
Still leaning on thy breaſt;
Till within thy arms I find
A happy peaceful reſt;
Guide my fluctuating heart
Into the fold of goſpel-grace;
Never from thy child depart,
Till I the crown poſſeſs.

6. From the world's deluſive ſmiles,
And from my houſhold foes,
From the ſerpent's ſubtle wiles
Save me, and plead my cauſe:
Hold me faſt in thy embrace,
And arm me with the ſhield of faith,
Till I ſee thy ſmiling face
Amidſt the pangs of death.

HYMN XIV.

JESUS, with uplifted hands
Mark'd with wounds so bloody,
Midst his chosen people stands,
Cherishing his body.

2. From thy fullness, Lord, impart
Grace and peace for ever;
Let us drink from thy pierc'd heart
Life as from a river.

3. We would nothing taste or know,
But Thee crucified:
Let thy blood on each heart flow,
Till we'er sanctified.

4. To enjoy thy death and smart,
Lord, our souls do languish;
Deep impress on every heart
All thy pain and anguish.

5. When we feel thy love's strong flame,
Sin is dispossessed:
Grant us this, O gracious Lamb,
When we are distressed.

6. As thy cross's subjects we
Wait thy spirit's motion;
Where and when to follow thee,
Shall be our devotion.

7. To thy name for evermore
Be all glory given;
None on earth will we adore,
None but Thee in heaven.

HYMN XV.

MY Saviour's love runs thro' and thro' my heart,
While I review his ſufferings and ſmart;
Fain wou'd I chaunt his praiſe while here beneath,
And mention make with gladneſs of his death.

2. Up Calv'ry's mount the man of ſorrows climbs,
In weakneſs drags along his wearied limbs;
Upon his ſhoulders raw he bears the wood,
Bedew'd, beſmear'd with his own precious blood.

3. Uplifted there an enſign he is made,
And with his blood our debt immenſe hath paid;
What torture then aſſails, what keeneſt ſmart
Strikes thro' his ſoul, and wounds his very heart!

4. He makes atonement for the creature's ſin,
He wipes away each deep contracted ſtain;
Wreſtles beneath the curſe of Sinai's law,
And all the pains of hell doth undergo.

5. He reconciles the attributes divine,
And makes each with peculiar luſtre ſhine;
He bears our doom, ſuſtains our heavy load,
And labours hard beneath the wrath of God.

6. Weep, weep, ye ſons of men, relenting view
His ſacred body rack'd and ſlain for you;
Behold his mangl'd perſon, bath'd in gore,
His pierced hands and feet ſo rudely tore.

7. Here look and love — The God of nature dies;
No other ranſom could for ſin ſuffice.
Learn to account all other matters droſs,
And triumph only in the Saviour's croſs.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

O DEAREST Saviour, pleaſe to look on me,
And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee.
O ſave me from the world's enſnaring bait,
And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait.

2. Thou know'ſt how apt I am, O Lord, to change,
How oft my thoughts upon the world do range:
Keep them, dear Jeſus, keep them conſtantly
Steady, unſhaken, ever fix'd on Thee.

3. Sometimes I taſte of thy refreſhing grace;
And then for other things there is no place;
My heart doth ſweetly flow with love to Thee;
I prove the grace for ev'ry comer free.

4. Oh! that I was but always in this frame;
How cou'd I love and praiſe my Saviour's name!
Thus, thus, O Jeſus, let it ever be;
Then will I ſing thy praiſe eternally.

HYMN XVII.

RISE up, my Spouſe, thy Bridegroom waits
Unwearied at thy temple's gates,
Thy fainting ſoul to chear;
Open to me, I will the bleſs,
I'll cloath thee with my righteouſneſs,
And diſſipate thy fear.

2. All reas'ning thoughts I will remove,
Give thee to feel my dying love,
Thy ſoul to captivate;
Upon my head thy dews diſtill,
The cooling drops my locks do fill,
While I to bleſs the wait.

3. Wha

3. What pleaſing voice is this I hear?
Soul, 'tis the Lamb thy Maſter dear,
'Tis Jeſus, none but he:
Oh! bid me, Jeſus, bid me come,
And take a weary trav'ler home;
I long to be ſet free.

4. Let my poor ſoul in Thee find reſt,
Of ev'ry burden me diveſt,
Clearly thy love diſplay;
Screen me beneath the cooling ſhade,
Which was for weary pilgrims made
To chear them by the way.

HYMN XVIII.

OH! how glorious is that myſtery,
Into which the Angels look and pry!
Who can tell the height and depth,
Know the utmoſt length and breadth
Of that love, which forc'd the Lamb to die?

2. We are learners in the ſchool of grace,
Feeling ſomething of the blood-bought peace;
Tho' 'tis little that we know
Of the Saviour here below,
Yet we ſoon ſhall ſee him face to face.

3. Oh! what raptures then ſhall fill each tongue,
When our hearts with gladneſs join in one,
To ſing glory to the name
Of the worthy ſlaughter'd Lamb,
And his grace with thankfulneſs to own.

4. Then the Saviour ſhall himſelf diſplay,
And his perſon ſhall ſuch pow'r convey;
That our ſouls muſt leave their droſs

Purg'd

Purg'd by virtue of the croſs,
And ſpring forth into eternal day.

HYMN XIX.

THE God, whoſe ſmiles we court,
Whoſe favours we do claim,
Whoſe love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame;
Is none, but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whoſe grace and ſpirit ſtill remain
To bleſs us in his word.

2. His promiſe is the ſame
His Church below to bleſs;
When they aſſemble in his name
To ſupplicate his grace:
A train of ſinners poor
He will not caſt behind;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.

3. To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above;
Anſwers our pray'rs in ſweet replies,
And tokens of his love:
Shall we not witneſs bear
How faithful he hath been;
And boldly to the world declare,
We've his ſalvation ſeen?

4. Yes if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confeſs;
And ſpeak of Chriſt the living word,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.
We'll mention to his praiſe

The

The triumphs of his death;
And ſing his everlaſting grace,
Ev'n with our lateſt breath.

HYMN XX.

WHEN to Calv'ry's mount I haſten,
And my Lamb in ſpirit ſee;
Tortur'd, mangl'd, and forſaken,
As he there expir'd for me;
O how ſweet a proſpect this is!
O how pleaſant is the grace!
When I with a thouſand kiſſes
Can his wounded corpſe embrace.

2. Peter-like I then am caring
How to tabernacle here;
His love-marks are ſo endearing,
Scourges, wounds and ev'ry ſcar:
Here alone his ſheep find paſture,
Here they feed, and ſafely lie;
Here no unforſeen diſaſter
Jeſu's lambs can terrify.

3. Conſtantly I here might center,
Did not my unſtable heart
Fooliſhly let trifles enter,
And from my dear huſband ſtart:
Oh! 'tis that alone that grieves me,
This alone creates my pain;
'Tis not in his heart to leave me,
No: He changeleſs doth remain.

4. Oh! my Lamb, I aſk a favour,
Let my ſoul from henceforth be
Rooted, ſettled, grounded ever
On Thee to eternity.

Call me back —— but not in anger,
If I chance to ſtray from Thee;
Timely then I ſhun the danger;
Grace prevents my miſery.

HYMN XXI.

WHEN by faith I ſee i'th garden
Jeſus ſweating for my ſoul,
Bearing on his heart my burden,
My ſtout heart begins to fail:
Likewiſe when I ſee him bearing
Up the hill the heavy wood,
And the place where whips did tear him,
While he patient lamblike ſtood.

2. When I read this doleful ſtory,
Oh! it gives me great concern;
Thus to bruiſe the Lord of glory,
Oh! my inmoſt bowels yearn:
Sinner, come, look at him yonder,
Then thou'lt ſurely love, like me,
Him, whoſe love than death was ſtronger,
Dearer than his liberty.

3. Still I love him and adore him,
While in life I am confin'd;
I will lay my wants before him,
For I find him ever kind;
Like us was he found in faſhion
With us for to ſympathize:
Oh! his heart is all compaſſion:
Broken hearts he'll ne'er deſpiſe.

4. Still, O Lord, I would like Mary,
Lie in peace at thy pierc'd feet,
Free from life's perplexing hurry,

Thy tormented corpse to greet;
Here I can in safety harbour,
Here at leisure I recount
All the tedious toil and labour
Thou sustaind'st on my account.

HYMN XXII.

AH! my redeeming Lord,
Was ever love like thine!
For ever be that name ador'd,
Which sav'd this soul of mine;
So deeply sunk in sin,
So proud and so perverse:
The rebel nature rul'd within,
And I obey'd its course.

2. A wanderer abroad
In sin's high-way I strray'd,
Forgetful of my dying God,
And there had ever stay'd;
Had He, whom I abus'd,
Forgot his careless one,
Or his salvation me refus'd,
The wretch had been undone.

3. But he in love pass'd by,
Which wounded me with smart;
My blasted hopes begun to die,
And sorrow fill'd my heart:
Thus inwardly distrest,
I sunk beneath his feet;
And humbly smiting on my breast,
For mercy did entreat.

4. Quickly shone forth the light
In blaze of gospel-day;

And Christ appear'd before my sight,
And took my sins away.
I found my heart reliev'd,
And stay'd upon my God,
The gospel-record I believ'd,
And felt the sprinkling blood.

5. And now my one concern
Shall be to tell his praise,
And in the school of grace to learn,
Thanksgiving all my days;
My dearest Lord, renew
The evidencing pow'r,
And let a melting shame ensue
To keep me low and poor.

HYMN XXII.

BRIDE of the Lamb, up to the skies
Let daily praise, like incense, rise
To join with theirs above.
Worthy is He, that once was slain
A race of rebels to regain,
To have our choicest love.

2. Into this ark, with great amaze,
The winged Seraphs wond'ring gaze,
Redeeming love to trace;
Should mortals, who in part have found
Redemption thro' the Saviour's wounds,
Refuse to shout free-grace?

3. Cry then to our Redeemer dear,
He loves his people's voice to hear,
Tho' men and devils frown;
E'er long we him in clouds shall see,

Cloathed in pomp and majesty,
His ransom'd flock to own.

4. Show'r down thy grace, O Jesus, now,
Thro' every vessel let it flow,
Each sick'ning plant to chear;
Rooted in Thee, O may we stand
Unshaken, waiting thy command,
And love thy voice to hear.

5. In spirit, Lord, let us Thee greet,
And sit with Mary at thy feet,
Weeping to see Thee torn
In back, and feet, and hands; likewise
Press'd down with our infirmities,
And pain'd with pricking thorn.

6. Freedom to every heart proclaim,
In every heart, O Jesus, reign,
Each prisoner set free;
Relieve each heavy laden'd mind,
Give every one with joy to find
Eternal life in Thee.

HYMN XXIV.

HOW, my Belov'd, shall I express
The present happiness I share;
With joy my heart can now confess,
That Jesu's name is written there.

2. I, who on husks but lately fed,
A prodigal estrang'd from God;
Now eat the true and heav'nly bread,
And feed on more than Angel's food.

3. He claſps me in his arms of grace,
And marks me for his blood-bought one;
And I thro' faith behold his face,
And feel I'm his adopted ſon.

4. Sunk in love's bottomleſs abyſs,
With Saints and Angels now I join;
I cannot but the Lamb careſs
In melody, and ſongs divine.

5. Yet ſtill I inly thirſt, while here,
The happy life of faith to live;
More choice and riper fruit to bear,
Till I on Sion's ſhore arrive.

6. Let me purſue the path begun,
Gladly therein my day's to ſpend,
Till all my pilgrimage is done,
And faith and hope in glory end.

HYMN XXV.

DID Lamack's ſon an ark provide,
The little remnant ſafe to hide
From the o'erflowing deluge?
Which, high above the earth did riſe,
Teem'd thro' the windows of the ſkies,
And ſwept away each refuge:
Their ſin
Had been
Great and crying,
Sorely grieving
The Lord Jeſus;
Who in patience long purſues us.

2. Like them, O Lord, I did provoke
Thy love, and the right path forſook,

Thereby thy ſpirit grieving,
Yea, when thou didſt my heart o'ercome,
From Thee I fooliſhly did run
To things, tho' unrelieving;
I found
No ground
To abide in,
Or reſide in
Out of danger
From the hand of the avenger.

3. Put forth thy hand, thou loving Friend,
Once in a fleſhly frame confin'd,
Which often bleſs'd thy people;
Pull me ſafe into Salem's tent,
Releaſe me from my baniſhment,
And make me thy diſciple:
Convert
My heart,
That my ſpirit
In thy merit
Still may center;
And for full ſalvation venture.

4. With thy pure love fill my poor heart,
Apply thy blood to every part;
Then tho' the waters threaten,
And fiercely do my ſoul aſſail,
The gates of hell can ne'er prevail,
I ſhall remain unſhaken:
Till I
Do fly
To the mountain,
Where the fountain
Of rich pleaſures
Flows at thy right hand in rivers.

HYMN XXVI.

WHEN to the cross I raise my eyes,
My heart is fill'd with strange surprize
My Jesus to discover;
I bow in silence, and adore
His sacred person bath'd in gore,
And weep o'er him my lover;
To see
How he
There doth languish
Thro' deep anguish,
Life regaining;
Peace for sinners thus obtaining.

2. With lamblike meekness he sustains
Sin's curse, and death's most bitter pains
In lieu of guilty traitors;
He lies beneath Almighty frowns,
His heart is rent with sighs and groans;
Yet burns towards his creatures:
I thirst,
Says Christ;
While his body
Pierc'd and bloody
Love proclaimeth;
Love which never, never faileth.

3. One reads it in each open'd vein;
Discerns it in each flowing stream,
While he the world redeemed:
My Lord, I own Thee my beloved,
Unto my heart Thou art approv'd,
And more than life esteemed;
Dear Lamb,
I am
Quite amazed,
And abased

Thro'

Thro' my mercy,
Love divine and tender pity.

4. With me self ever be abhor'd,
The Nazarene my only Lord,
My heart's chief joy and comfort:
This be my portion all my days,
By faith my Saviour to embrace,
And honour him my consort:
Adieu
To you,
Worldly pleasures;
I have treasures
In my Saviour;
I will triumph in his favour.

5. Oh! that my God I fully knew,
That I his wounds might always view
Therein to find my heaven;
To prove his blood the healing balm,
To look upon each heav'nly palm,
And read my name engraven:
Then I
Would cry,
O my Saviour,
Thou art ever
Most delicious,
Midst ten thousand lovers precious.

HYMN XXVII.

YE weary wanderers draw near,
That know no solid peace or rest;
Lay by each doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon your Saviour's breast;
All's stolen fruit that can be found
To chear the soul on nature's ground.

2. Come,

2. Come, for the gospel bids you come,
Jesus for sinners bled and died,
The sacred word reports there's room,
The Lamb he woes you for his bride;
Your souls shall find a resting place
In arms of everlasting grace.

3. The day of small things don't despise;
By poverty encrease your store;
The happy soul, that's truly wise,
Can richer grow by being poor:
To melt in love, to sink in shame,
This be my wish, be that my flame!

4. Give me a sympathizing soul
To bear thy sufferings on my heart,
Thy pain and agonizing toil;
Nor let me from this vision part:
Then shall I heartily rejoice,
And raise to Thee my grateful voice.

5. All earthly objects now give way,
Nature and creature both resign;
On Thee by faith myself I'll stay,
And taste the power of love divine:
Redemption in thy blood I've found,
My anchor's cast on sacred ground.

HYMN XXVIII.

UP to the land where Jesus reigns
At his Almighty Father's side,
Let praises rise in highest strains:
For why? the conqu'ror freely died.

2. Guilty at justice's bar we stood,
Then flew the Lamb to our relief;

With

With garment's dy'd in his own blood,
Expir'd beneath our sin and grief.

3. God's threaten'd judgments to remove,
Our ev'ry enemy to foil;
Stronger than death was Jesu's love:
Oh! come and he his cross's spoil.

4. Unsprinkled with his blood we die,
Die; never to behold his face;
In vain we to the rocks shall cry
To save us from the dire disgrace.

5. The offer'd mercy now receive;
Fix on the rock where Israel stands;
He loves the helpless to relieve;
He holds the pardon in his hands.

6. And shall he call, and we refuse?
Shall Jesus court and we deny?
How dare we thus his grace abuse?
Turn sinners, turn; why will you die?

HYMN XXIX.

THE God of salvation, Jehovah by name,
Who yesterday, now, and for ever's the same;
From earth and hell's border's me, me he hath sav'd,
And death of its sting hath my Jesus bereav'd.

2. No ghastly appearance it now can put on,
Of this 'tis depriv'd, for the battle is won:
Yea, world, flesh, and devil from me shall recede,
And leave me for Jesus, because he did bleed.

3. His blood is my ransom, the captive is his,
Redeem'd from my bondage to enter on bliss;

A ſon thro' my birth, by adoption an heir,
The kingdom of glory with Jeſus to ſhare.

4. His blood my ſins drowneth, and ſpeaks them for-
(giv'n,
Bought me a poor ſlave to be freeman of heav'n,
And gain'd by atonement the favour divine,
Thro' which the poſſeſſion at laſt ſhall be mine.

5. His ſpirit, as witneſs, as earneſt, and ſeal,
Of all theſe rich bleſſings, I inwardly feel;
His whiſpers divine do my freedom proclaim,
And opens an union with God and the Lamb.

6. An union whoſe bonds are both ſteadfaſt and ſure,
In which I thro' grace can live happy and pure;
The bridegroom's embraces with rapture I know,
And all thro' the blood which from Jeſus did flow.

7. What tho I'm ſo helpleſs, I know he'll ſupply
My weakneſs with grace, as I on him rely;
And I ſhall be happy the Lamb to adore,
And praiſe him, now, henceforth, and for evermore.

HYMN XXX.

O MY Lamb! I've often muſed
On thy wond'rous love to me;
How I have the ſame abuſed,
Slighted, diſregarded Thee.
To thy Church and Thee a ſtranger,
Pleas'd with what, diſpleaſed Thee:
Loſt, yet could perceive no danger,
Wounded, yet no wound cou'd ſee.

2. But unwearied Thou purſu'dſt me;
Still thy calls repeated came;

Till

Till on Calvary's mount I view'd Thee
Bearing my reproach and blame;
Then I bluſh'd with ſhame, and ſorrow'd,
Thus to ſee each maugl'd limb,
Hands, feet, ſide, and back all furrow'd;
Till blood round thy croſs did ſwim.

3. I no more at Mary wonder,
When I ſee her all in tears,
When her ardent zeal I ponder
To find out her Maſter dear;
No: ſhe ſenſibly was melted
By her Lord's attracting pow'r:
How could he then be neglected!
How cou'd ſhe but love him more!

4. Oh! my Lamb, let Mary's feeling
Ev'ry hour in me abide;
Sin ſhall then, however pleaſing,
Never me from Thee divide;
Led by this divine ſenſation
Flowing from each open'd wound,
I ſhall in whatever ſtation
Be content, and faithful found.

HYMN XXXI.

SAVIOUR, can'ſt Thou love a traitor,
Can'ſt Thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deſerving creature
Be the purchaſe of thy death?
Me, who has my hands embrued
In thy all-atoning blood;
Me, who has my Saviour wounded,
Can'ſt Thou pardon, O my God?

2. Is thy blood ſo efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?

Is thy ſacrifice ſo precious,
As to free me from my ſin?
Can this evil filthy nature
E'er be clean, or pure, or whole?
Can thy grace, my dear Creator,
Purify my ſpotted ſoul?

3. Hell within my ſoul doth center,
And my heart's a den of thieves,
Merchandizing ſpirits enter;
This thy holy ſpirit grieves:
Welt'ring in my blood, I languiſh
For the twilight of thy grace;
Fill me, Lamb, in lieu of anguiſh
With the bleſſing of thy peace.

4. See me in my preſent ſtation,
View me in my grievous frame,
Wallowing in my own corruption,
Gaſping for a Saviour's name:
Peter-like I ſink, I periſh,
Save me, Lord, or elſe I die;
With thy grace my faintings cheriſh;
View, O view me, as I lie.

5. Sin on every hand ſurrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear,
Pangs of unbelief confound me;
Oh! my grief I cannot bear:
Here then is my reſolution,
At thy deareſt feet to fall;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.

6. Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If Thou can'ſt, to wretched me;
Lay aſide thy love and pity,

If Thou can'ſt, and let me die:
If I meet with condemnation,
Juſtly I deſerve the ſame;
If I meet with free ſalvation,
I will magnify thy name.

HYMN XXXII.

HOW bleſt are they whoſe feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And ſtedfaſtly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of ſin.

2. Their weary ſpirits ſweetly reſt
Contentedly on Jeſu's breaſt;
They ſo much of his mercy prove,
As that they cannot help but love.

3. In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb,
Who once was wrapt in human frame;
They view within his bloody rays
The object of eternal praiſe.

4. His ſpirit ſhews their ſins forgiv'n,
And ſeals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till Jeſus them to bliſs tranſlate.

5. He arms them 'gainſt the evil day;
And while in heart with him they ſtay,
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.

6. Then reſt, my ſoul, upon thy Lord,
Ev'n Jeſus Chriſt the living word;
And then thy joy ſhall ne'er decay,
Till it break out in endleſs day.

HYMN XXXIII.

FAR from my God I long have ſtray'd,
Guided and rul'd by nature's fire;
My luſts I eagerly obey'd,
And gratify'd each vain deſire:
A creature vile, a ſoul unclean,
A wand'rer have I been in ſin.

2. Puſh'd on by Satan's envious rage,
Thro' paths forbidden did I rove;
Againſt my Lord in heart engage,
Forgetful of redeeming love:
Pleaſures of ſenſe ſtill bore the ſway,
And led the captive ſlave away.

3. Thus did I wander far from home,
Far from my Father's houſe of peace;
Till Jeſus gently bid me come,
And ſway'd my ſoul with ſov'reign grace:
He cries; "Come hither, mine thou art,"
I heard The call; it reach'd my heart.

4. Quickly to him my thoughts were drawn,
With joy my Bridegroom to embrace;
All my affections join in one
To laud him for this act of grace:
In duſt and aſhes I abhor
My ſinful ſelf for evermore.

5. Ah! Lord to Thee what have I done?
How oft thy calls of grace withſtood?
How vainly worſhip'd Thee unknown,
Till conquer'd by the pow'r of blood!
At laſt thro' Thee I pardon prove,
And live a monument of love.

6. By ſin no longer I'm deceiv'd,
No more it's whiſperings attend;
I know in whom I have believ'd,
On whom for mercy I depend:
Grounded on Chriſt the corner-ſtone,
I'll live and die to him alone.

HYMN XXXIV.

HOW ſhall I ſpeak my Saviour's worth,
Or tell the love he bears to me!
Shall I begin to ſing his birth,
And follow him to Calvary?

2. Yes, this I'll tell my brethren dear,
And call them to receive his grace:
For now his righteouſneſs is near,
And free for all the fallen race.

3. His tender arms are open ſtill
Returning ſinners to receive;
Steady his mind, and fixt his will,
To ſave whoever ſhall believe.

4. Ye pris'ners, to the refuge fly,
His wounds, a covert from the ſtorm;
Why ſhould you languiſh here and die,
When ſav'd you may be from all harm?

5. He waits with pardons in his hand,
And longs that you the ſame might ſhare;
Come, ſinners, at his mild command,
His name forbids your hearts to fear.

HYMN XXXV.

DEAR Lord, we crave thy presence,
We thirst thy grace to prove;
We cannot bear thy absence,
Nor live without thy love;
Come, make us all one spirit
In Thee, our common Lord;
And let thy blood and merit
True gladness here afford.

2. Thy infinite compassion
Once mov'd Thee to come down;
To work out our salvation,
Thou left'st thy Father's throne:
Again repeat the favour,
And make our spices flow;
And let us feel the savour
Of thy perfumes below.

3. O sweetest blessed Jesus,
Now specify thy worth;
And let thy name be precious,
As ointment poured forth:
Display thy bloody banner
Before the eye of faith,
And get thyself the honour,
Both in our life and death.

HYMN XXXVI.

COME, descend, O heavenly spirit,
Fan each spark into a flame;
Let us blessings, Lord, inherit,
Blessings, that we cannot name:
Whilst Hosannahs we are singing,

May our hearts in rapture move;
Feel freſh grace in them ſtill ſpringing ——
Breathe the air of pureſt love.

2. Let us ſwim in grace's ocean,
Float on that unbounded ſea;
Guided into pure devotion,
Kept from paths of error free;
On thy heav'nly manna feeding,
Screen'd from every envious foe:
Love, O love, for ſinners bleeding,
Whither from Thee ſhall we go?

3. Keep, us Lord, ſtill in communion
Daily nearer drawn to Thee;
Sinking in the myſtick union
Of the Church's myſtery:
Keep us ſafe from each deluſion,
Well protected from all harms;
Free from ſin and all confuſion:
Circle us within thine arms.

4. Let faith view thy body broken
For us worms upon the tree;
Thy blood ſhed be our ſure token,
That, my God, we're lov'd of Thee:
Grant us fruits of thy dear off'ring;
May our ſouls the bleſſing prove;
Warm our hearts firſt with thy ſuff'ring,
Then our tongues ſhall praiſe thy love.

HYMN XXXVII.

DEAREST Huſband of thy purchas'd bride,
From thy fulneſs be her wants ſupply'd;
Yield to each a due increaſe;

Wa

Water all the plants of grace
With the blood-ſtream guſhing from thy ſide.

2. Make thy Zion bloſſom like a roſe,
All her borders graciouſly incloſe;
Keep us undefil'd and clean,
Free from all the ſpots of ſin;
Conquer in us all our inbred foes.

3. Guard thy children from the tempter's pow'r,
Till their warfare in the world be o'er,
From his malice us defend,
Keep us ſafe unto the end,
Humble, happy, uncorrupt, and pure.

4. Then ſhall we triumphantly ariſe,
Meet our Jeſus gladly in the ſkies:
His ſweet look ſhall quick impart
Joys immortal to the heart;
Tears ſhall vaniſh from the weeping eyes.

HYMN XXXVIII.

COME, ſeek the better part,
Ev'n Jeſus who was ſlain;
Which Mary ſought with all her heart,
Till ſhe the ſame did gain:
She would the bleſſing ſhare,
Reſolv'd to hear the word;
Uncumber'd by her ſiſter's care,
She hung upon her Lord.

2. Unwearied at his feet
She ſupplicating lay;
Here for the bleſſing did ſhe wait,
Nor empty went away.
His every look was dear,

Dear

Dear to the humble saint;
Here did she loose in love her fear,
Here did she loose her want.

3. Her care was at an end,
Her mis'ry must depart;
She'd got her nearest dearest friend
Into her house and heart.
But cumber'd Martha cries,
'Master, how canst Thou see
My sister unconcerned lie;
Oh! bid her serve with me.

4. Martha, our Lord replies,
Thou hast a cumber'd heart;
Thy sister Mary, truly wise,
Hath chose the better part.
Come, friends, pursue with care,
Till Mary's path you find;
Why should the world your hearts ensnare?
Leave Martha's things behind.

5. Arise, your garments shake,
Put Jesu's armour on;
Fight, till you happiness partake,
Fight, till you gain the crown:
Soldiers of Christ, arise,
After your captain go,
Who fought his way to paradise
Thro' dreary scenes of woe.

HYMN XXXIX.

COmpassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend
Thy child from the fury of Satan defend;
Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

4. Preve

2. Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And perfect within me, the work Thou'st begun;
And then let the world me reject and despise,
Thy grace for my wants shall for ever suffice.

3. A mind quite resign'd, Lord, impart unto me,
Affections from trifles quite weaned and free;
May nothing take place, nor partake of my heart,
Which may cause my Saviour, or me any smart.

4. Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright,
Thy grace be my feeling, thy wounds my delight,
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,
My element only, the blood of the Lamb.

5. This, this, be my portion, thy beauty my song,
Thy name and thy praises still dwell on my tongue:
Direct by thy spirit my actions and ways;
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

6. Amen —— God Jehovah, in me now fulfill
Whatever Thou pleasest, whate'er is thy will:
I poor dust and ashes, my all do resign,
And wish that my heart may be thine and not mine.

HYMN XL.

JESU, Jesu, King of Saints,
Known to Thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhor'd,
I approach Thee, dearest Lord.

2. Known to Thee whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down,
Help, O help me very soon.

3. Still I feel a fleshly part,
Much corruption in my heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy blood I sure have need.

4. Break, O break this heart of stone,
Form it for thy use alone,
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

5. This be my support in need,
That Thou didst so freely bleed;
Hence, my hopes and joys arise
From thy bloody sacrifice.

6. This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.

7. Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's care,
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

HYMN XLI.

JESUS, vouchsafe to hear the cry
Of a poor feeble heart;
Reach out thy hand and draw me nigh,
Nor let me thence depart.

2. My state deplorable appears,
Clearly the same I see;
But yet alas! can shed no tears,
Nor feel my misery.

3 Beneath thy word, the gospel word,
Careless and cold I sit,
My heart is hard, extremely hard,
Dear Jesus, soften it.

4. To others, Lord, Thou dost convey
Thy chearing beams when crav'd;
And must I ever go away
Empty and unreliev'd.

5. Thunder upon my heart, dear Lord!
And make each corner shake,
That I may melt beneath thy word,
And of thy bliss partake.

6. Lord, give me patience, give me more,
Untill that hour appear,
When I in heart can Thee adore,
And feel Thee inly near.

HYMN XLII.

DEAR Lord, attend my pray'r,
And all my wants relieve;
Come to my heart, and dwell Thou there,
That Thou in me may'st live.

2. In weakness I draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer the sinner's mournful cry,
And fill me with thy peace.

3. Thou read'st my naked breast,
For liberty I groan;
I sigh in Thee, my Lord, to rest,
And worship Thee alone.

4. Fain would I hate my sin,
And ponder on thy love;
Till all be sanctified within,
And my whole heart's above.

5. If trials vex my mind,
Close to thy wounds I'll flee;
No refuge may I elsewhere find,
No refuge but in Thee.

6. To Thee I recommend
My poor and trembling soul;
On Thee for future grace depend,
Who art my all in all.

HYMN XLIII.

O H! that my heart, this very hour
Might be enamour'd with thy love;
That heav'nly sweetness, joy, and pow'r
I beg, dear Lamb, this day to prove:
O send it, that I may abide
Faithful, and walk close by thy side.

2. Send love into the sinner's heart,
That I my pardon clear may feel;
May feel the life spring from thy smart.
Sin's deadly wounds to cure and heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble cry,
I fainting at thy footstool lie.

3. Vain are all other helps beside,
Such favours only from Thee flow;
Other Physicians have I try'd,
Yet only worse and worse I grow:
Give me by faith to touch thy hem,
And bid my running sore be clean.

HYMN XLIV.

THOU Lamb of God once ſlain,
Think now upon thy pain,
And before the mercy-ſeat
Let thy merits interceed,
Plead for us thy bloody ſweat,
Pour down bleſſings on our head.

2. Our ſouls with inmoſt ſhame
Addreſs thy holy name,
Here to find Thee inly near,
Preſent to each waiting ſoul;
Every drooping ſinner chear,
Breathe thy ſpirit thro' the whole.

3. We ſinners humbly crave
Thy preſence here to have,
In this place to find Thee true
To thy promiſes of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

4. Each hind'rance, Lord, remove
By pouring in thy love;
Let thoſe gaping wounds of thine
Sparkling to our hearts appear,
with peculiar luſtre ſhine,
Gladden ev'ry ſinner here.

5. From thy majeſtic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the ſouls athirſt for Thee,
Take them to thy kind embrace;
Each adores with bended knee
All the glories of thy grace.

6. No more we want below
Than Thee, our God, to know,
Thee to love with keen deſire
Soften'd thro' the pow'r of blood,
Fill'd with the angelic fire,
Fill'd with all the life of God.

HYMN XLV.

ZION, ariſe, thy garments ſhake,
Of thy dear Huſband's worth partake:
Oh! call his bleſſings down;
Thy wants are great —— But Jeſus dy'd,
He loves to ſee them well ſupply'd,
He makes thy caſe his own.

2. Strangers in heart we lately were,
Untill our Jeſus brought us near
By his attracting pow'r;
Break out all ye in ſongs aloud,
Who feel redemption thro' his blood,
And our High-Prieſt adore.

3. O Jeſus, now we humbly pray;
Be gracious to thy church to-day,
Thy ſaving health impart;
The dew of heav'n on us diſtill,
With love each empty veſſel fill,
And chear the drooping heart.

4. Cut ev'ry cord, that binds us here,
Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear,
Give each a ſingle heart:
Give grace to tread down ſelf and ſin,
Give grace eternal life to win.
E'er we from hence depart.

HYMN XLVI.

YE ſinners join in praiſe,
To Chriſt your voices raiſe;
His due honour loud proclaim,
Who for rebels freely dy'd,
Who, for all his people's ſin,
By his blood hath ſatisfy'd.

2. The way he pav'd to God
With drops of his own blood;
That whoever ſhall believe,
Life eternal may obtain;
Sinners, come —— no longer grieve,
There is mercy in the Lamb.

3. Redemption he hath won,
And now excludeth none;
Far and near he doth reveal
Tokens of his pard'ning grace,
Glad he would that each ſhou'd feel,
Triumph in the purchas'd bliſs.

4. Since then he is ſo kind,
Your trifles caſt behind,
Dare no longer to refuſe
The ſalvation of your Lord,
Glory not in the abuſe
Of the ſoul-converting word.

5. He calls his children home,
And tells them there is room;
Each the pardon may receive,
Jeſu's bowels inly move,
Earneſts of his peace to give,
Seals of his eternal love.

6. Who ſtarves for want of bread,
He on Chriſt's fleſh may feed;
Let the prodigal return
Weeping to his Father's houſe,
Where he'll meet a heart that burns,
And a hand to help his woes.

HYMN XLVII.

I THANK Thee, O my Saviour,
That Thou ſo loving art;
My all I now deliver,
The purchaſe of thy ſmart;
In thy dear arm's embraces
I leave my panting ſoul,
To feel thoſe healing graces,
Which makes the ſinner whole.

2. O let me here continue,
Remote from all that's ſin;
As one of thy retinue
Fill'd with thy love divine:
It brings a ſolid feeling
Of Thee and what Thou art,
A med'cine ever healing
Unto my ſinful heart.

3. I love to be ſtill viewing
Thy body mark'd with ſcars,
Abundantly bedewing
The earth with blood and tears:
This cauſes ſolid thinking,
While I the ſight behold,
In ſpirit I am ſinking;
And yet my faith grows bold.

4. It

4. It ſets my heart on glowing,
And melts my eyes to tears,
To ſee each blood-ſtream flowing,
Till all ſo red appears:
As incenſe on the altar
Love flames from Jeſu's ſmart:
Come, ſinners, take your ſhelter
Near to his pierced heart:

5. Thence, like as from a fountain,
I drink the healing ſtream;
My ſins, tho' as a mountain,
Sink down into a plain:
The thorny paths made even,
The rough and crooked ſtreight;
My ſins he hath forgiven,
And eas'd me of that weight.

HYMN XLVIII.

AND did thy grace, O Jeſus dear,
When I was dead in ſin, mine ear
Incline to hear thy voice?
Have I forgiveneſs thro' thy grace?
Have I regain'd my native place?
And do I in thy name rejoice?

2. O yes! I feel I am forgiven,
I've got the antepaſt of heaven,
Thy ſpirit makes it clear:
Thy royal raiment cloaths me round,
Redemption thro' thy blood I've found,
No condemnation do I fear.

3. Yet 'fore Thee, Jeſus, I muſt own,
I have not this ſalvation known
By tracing legal ways;

No: 'twas thy pow'r rais'd me from ſin,
Thou didſt the ſaving work begin,
Thine be the glory, thine the praiſe.

4. May I be faithful to my call,
In heart ſtill freely give up all,
Myſelf to Thee reſign:
When dangers threaten me around
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5. My feet with holy oil anoint,
The deſtin'd path, Thou doſt appoint,
Gladly I then will tread:
Bedew me with a genial ſhow'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with Manna daily feed.

6. A ſingle eye, a faithful heart,
My Jeſus, to thy child impart
In ev'ry ſifting hour:
Reas'ning's tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on Thee intent,
Till ſight my faith and hope o'erpow'r.

HYMN XLIX.

I STAND before the Lamb
Upon the holy mount,
Where once he bore my ſhame,
And dy'd on my account:
Upon his wounds intent I gaze,
And raviſh'd ſink in deep amaze.

2. Thoſe clefts in hands and feet,
The ſignals of his love,
Moſt tenderly I greet,

As

As do the ſaints above:
The rock, from whence the fountain came,
Still follows with it's glad'ning ſtream.

3. I feel a warm deſire
To tabernacle here,
Till my whole heart's on fire
Towards my Jeſus dear:
My faith preſents him to my view
Upon the croſs in bloody hue.

4. My follies I bewail,
The hardneſs of my heart,
Which drove each pointed nail,
And gave his body ſmart:
Altho' his murderer I've been,
I'm ranſom'd thro' the bloody ſcene.

5. 'Tis here I freedom prove,
An end of all complaint;
The cordials of thy love
Refreſh me when I'm faint:
Thy fleſh and blood my dainties are,
The bleſſings of thy croſs I ſhare.

6. O ſelf-debaſing grace!
To think upon his love;
That one ſo vile and baſe,
Such happineſs ſhould prove:
At laſt with thankfulneſs I taſte
The banquets of his marriage-feaſt.

HYMN L.

JESUS, my Redeemer dear,
Pity my complaining;

Full

Full of reaſoning and fear,
Look upon my ailing.

2. Once I walked undiſturb'd,
Fear was wholly baniſh'd,
Joyfully I heard thy word,
Hereby was repleniſh'd.

3. O 'twas ſweet unto my taſte,
I was tender-hearted,
Death's dominions were laid waſte,
Guilt from me departed.

4. 'Twas my meat and drink always,
Thy will to be doing;
In my heart, the well of grace
Ev'ry hour was flowing.

5. Now beneath thy word I ſtay
Dead and unconcerned,
Cold I come, and go away,
Seldom ever warmed.

6. When thy people joyful run,
By Thee are befriended;
Then I, like the elder ſon,
Murmuring am offended.

7. When they friendly ſpeak to me,
Only to lay open
Ev'ry hind'rance, then I flee;
Shame to hear it ſpoken.

8. O my Lamb, how is my caſe?
Tell it me O Jeſus!
Bring me to my reſting-place
In thy wounds ſo precious.

9. Lead me, as thou doſt thy flock,
Where the ſtreams are flowing;
Fix, O fix me on the rock;
Order Thou my going.

H Y M N LI.

SPIRIT of the living God,
Breathe a ſweet refreſhing breeze
To encreaſe
Secret longings in my ſoul,
Till the whole
Unto Jeſus be aſpiring,
And forever more deſiring
Daily freſh ſupplies of oil.

2. Teach me more how weak I am,
That I may thy treaſures value,
And continue
'Fore thy pierced feet to bow
very low;
And on Thee be ſtill dependent,
Fill'd with wiſhes ſtrong and ardent,
That I may thy fullneſs know.

3. Let me live the life of faith,
Having ſtill the ſpirit's ſanction,
And its unction
Me thy heav'nly will to teach
And to preach
To my heart the Saviour's paſſion,
That I may obtain poſſeſſion
Of love's bleſſings all and each.

4. Keep me in connection, Lord,
Feeling ſtill the neareſt union,

And

And communion,
With thy perſon on the tree;
Let me be
Never cool towards thy ſuff'ring,
Nor indifferent to that off'ring,
Which forever perfects me.

5. Thy atonement on the croſs,
Which remains the herald's ſubject,
And the object
Of thy people's faith and love,
Doth me move
To be thine in ſoul and body,
Viewing ſtill thy perſon bloody;
Till I reach the realms above.

HYMN LII.

SAVIOUR, let thy ſacred blood
Still afford me ſolid feeling;
Each day healing
All my bruiſes and each wound
Which is found
Thro' each ſinful diſpoſition
Not abiding in ſubjection
To thy grace, which ſin confounds.

2. Let my very feeble frame,
For thy uſe by blood procured,
Be ſecured
From the ſtrong attacks of ſin;
And within
Let me have a ſweet ſenſation
Of the Lamb, and his ſalvation,
Whom I love, tho' yet unſeen.

3. Him I heartily embrace,
And real happineſs inherit
In his merit;
Who in fleſh, my Lord and God,
On the wood
Curſe and wrath from me ſuſpended,
By whoſe love I'm apprehended,
As the purchaſe of his blood.

4. Here I reſt, and am content,
Waſhing in the blood of Jeſus,
Who is precious
And quite lovely to my heart:
In his ſmart
I experience my heaven,
Peace proclaim'd and ſins forgiven:
Great's the joy he doth impart.

5. I'm enamour'd with my Lord,
While in him I do diſcover
A true lover;
Near unto whoſe ſtreaming ſide
I'll abide,
That I may rejoice for ever,
In ſo good, ſo kind a Saviour,
And be found his faithful bride.

HYMN LIII.

THE fatal ſtroke who can relate,
Which man from God did ſeparate?
O ſin! what haſt thou done?
How haſt thou overſpread our aſame,
Diffus'd thy poiſon thro' each vein,
Uſurp'd Jehovah's throne?

2. Chaſtis'd

2. Chaſtis'd for Thee, the choſen tribes
Sat down by Babel's river's ſides,
And there in exile moan'd;
Grieving their ſervitude to feel,
That ſtrangers over them ſhould rule
And mock, while they thus groan'd.

3. They then remember'd the kind hand,
Which brought their Fathers from the land
Of bondage and diſtreſs;
Which led them thro' the pathleſs waves,
Which prov'd the harden'd tyrant's grave,
Who follow'd them t'oppreſs.

4. Their harps, which once melodious rung,
Neglected on the buſhes hung;
In tears they wept aloud
To ſee their Zion thus forlorn,
The object of the Heathen's ſcorn,
Forſaken by her God.

5. Their grief to aggravate the more,
The ſcornful Heathens urg'd them ſore
A Zion's ſong to ſing;
O'erwhelm'd in tears, they ſighing cry,
We cannot bear to ſing; for why?
We have provok'd our King.

6. Once were we his peculiar care,
On eagle's wings he did us bear
Unhurt thro' dangers round:
But Oh! we fooliſhly did rove,
Leaving the object of our love,
Who now has juſtly frown'd.

7. Come, brethren, come, reflect a while,
Once they like us enjoy'd the ſmile
Of a deliv'ring God;

When

When he the raging waves did part,
Celestial joy o'erflow'd each heart,
They sung his praise aloud.

8. Oh! that in heart none may draw back,
So shall we ne'er his favours lack,
But feel them ever new:
Press on, and we the prize shall win,
Unfold to him each grief within,
He's ever ever true.

HYMN LIV.

WHILE my Jesus I'm possessing,
Great's the happiness I know;
While his corpse I am caressing,
Sweetest odours round me flow:
Happy I'm in his embraces,
Proving all his kisses sweet,
Singing never-ceasing praises,
Mary-like before his feet.

2. Oh! how happy are the moments,
Which I here in transport spend,
Life deriving from his torments,
Who remains the sinner's friend:
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
How the blood flows from each vein,
Ev'ry stream, my soul bedewing,
Mortifies the carnal flame.

3. Really blessed is the portion
Destin'd me by sov'reign grace,
Still to view divine compassion
In the Saviour's bruised face:
'Tis my fixed resolution
Jesus Christ my Lord to love;

At his feet to fix my ſtation,
Nor from thence a hair's breadth move.

4. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon my Lamb I gaze;
Love I much, I've more forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace:
Fill'd with ſinner-like contrition,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Happy in the ſweet fruition
Of my Saviour's painful death.

5. From his pierc'd and wounded body
Iſſu'd ſtreams of ſacred gore,
From his hands and feet ſo bloody
Flow'd a med'cine for each ſore;
From his ſide, that fountain precious,
Pardons with the blood did flow;
This to taſte is moſt delicious,
Cauſing all within to glow.

6. May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jeſus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And from hence ſalvation draw:
May I have the ſpirit's unction
Filling me with holy ſhame;
Still retain a cloſe connection
With the perſon of the Lamb.

HYMN LV.

JESUS, how glorious was the day,
When Thou didſt my releaſe proclaim
Sweetly I ſung the hours away,
I ſung ſalvation thro' thy name.

2. I wonder'd how the careleſs crowd
Senſeleſs could ſleep away their day;
So ſtrong thy love in my heart flow'd,
Such ſolid peace it did convey.

3. Cloſe with thy flock I was combin'd,
Nought could my heart from their's divide,
By blood's cementing power join'd,
With them I could have liv'd and dy'd.

4. Beneath thy word refreſh'd I ſtood,
Thy word to me with power came,
Eager I drank the healing blood,
Surpriz'd to feel th'enliv'ning flame.

5. Scatter'd the miſts of nature's night,
Thou bidſt my enemies be gone;
Chearful I walked in thy light,
Nor did my ſun at all go down.

6. But ah! where am I now, ah where!
How is it, that I'm grown ſo cold?
The poiſon ſtill lies lurking here,
Unwilling 'tis to loſe its hold.

7. This is my hope, O Jeſus, when
My neareſt deareſt things appear,
I call, I ſigh for Thee ev'n then,
Nor would I feel thy rival there.

8. Sometimes I feel my ſky is clear,
And drink, until my cup flow o'er,
Then do I loſe my ev'ry fear,
And feel the Saviour's ſtrength'ning pow'r.

9. O Jeſus, let it ſtill be thus,
This favour let me ever prove,

Fix me for ever at thy croſs,
And bind me there with cords of love.

HYMN LVI.

GROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
Other Saviours I diſclaim,
Fix my heart on Thee to ſtay,
Do it, Lord, without delay.

2. Empty is created good,
I want more ſubſtantial food:
All is vanity beſide
Jeſus and him crucify'd.

3. Fruitleſs is my ſearch to find
True ſerenity of mind,
Till I have with Jeſus been,
And his ſmiling face have ſeen.

4. In thy preſence may I dwell,
Subject to thy holy will;
Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
Mortify the man of ſin.

5. While I traverſe here on earth,
Thy kind influence on me breathe,
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteouſneſs bring near.

6. Grant me ſtill in grace to grow,
While a pilgrim here below;
Let me by thy ſpirit move,
And with all my heart Thee love.

HYMN LVII.

WHAT's this melodious ſound I hear?
How doth it charm my very heart!
How pleaſing is it to my ear!
It quite removes my pain and ſmart:
The language of this heav'nly dove
Speaks nothing to my ſoul but love.

2. Thou'rt welcome to my fainting heart,
My love-ſick ſoul doth Thee embrace,
Thrice welcome to my ſoul Thou art,
Oh! fix in me thy dwelling place:
The glories of my Lord diſplay,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray.

3. Then, when this tedious life is o'er,
Free from the fierce attacks of ſin,
Out of the reach of Satan's pow'r,
I ſhall with my dear Maſter reign:
Bleſt by his preſence, I ſhall raiſe
My voice exalted to his praiſe.

HYMN LVIII.

ZION, awake, ariſe, ariſe,
Thy ſun in its meridian ſtands;
The clouds diſperſe, each ſhadow flies;
Thou'rt call'd to leave thy native land.

2. Put on the ſtrength of Jeſus now,
Who by his might his people ſaves;
Fearleſs Thou then unhurt ſhalt go,
Upborn, o'er life's tempeſtuous waves.

3. No more th'uncircumciſed crew
Thy peaceful borders need moleſt;

Prove to thy Husband ever true,
Then wilt thou feel his people's rest.

4. Arise, thy filthy garments shake,
In Jesu's marriage-room sit down,
Thou'rt call'd choice dainties to partake,
A heav'n, a Jesus, and a crown.

5. Loose, Zion's captive daughter, loose
The curs'd chains of self and sin;
Thou'rt call'd to be no earthly spouse;
Thou art all glorious with'in.

6. Get fresh supplies of oil each day,
Stand ready for the mid-night call;
Let nothing here command thy stay,
Let Jesus be thy all in all.

HYMN LIX.

O DEAREST Lord, give me a heart
That's all in flame for Thee;
That, thro' thy tedious toil and smart,
My soul may happy be.

2. I want, O Lord, from sin to flee,
And in thy wounds to rest;
Bid me by faith come near to Thee,
And lean upon thy breast.

3. Still let a sense of what Thou'st done
In my hard heart be felt;
That by the love to me Thou'st shewn
My inmost soul may melt.

4. Oh! may I never never faint,
Refresh'd by streams of love;

Till in thy glory, as a ſaint,
I live with thoſe above.

5. Oh! may I now my all give up
To Thee, my deareſt Lord;
And wait with all thy ſaints to ſup
Around the feſtal board.

HYMN LX.

AH! Lord, how faithleſs is my heart!
How very apt from Thee to ſtray!
Juſt like a broken bow I ſtart,
And nature ſtrives to bear the ſway:
Was ever one ſo vile, ſo bleſs'd,
So foul, yet by the Lamb careſs'd!

2. Forbid, my Lord, each vain deſire,
And bind my paſſions to thy croſs;
Quench all the ſparks of nature's fire,
And bid me count my gain but loſs;
Lord Jeſus, tear each Idol down,
And ſtabliſh in my heart thy throne.

3. Grace, grace ſhall wipe away my tears,
And ſpeak the tempeſt to a calm;
Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
And prove a never-failing balm:
The maladies of ſin remove,
And fill my ſoul with perfect love.

4. Henceforth I'd ſerve Thee, if Thou'lt pleaſe
To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r;
I'd ſing the glories of thy grace,
Till all my pilgrimage be o'er:
With hallow'd fire inſpire my tongue,
And love ſhall be my endleſs ſong.

HYMN

HYMN LXI.

NOTHING in this world I want,
No treasure here beneath;
Only for Thee, Lord, I pant,
For Thee alone I breathe:
Wipe away my nature's sin,
Thy image to my breast restore;
Thou alone canst make me clean,
And bid me sin no more.

2. Thou invitest me to come
To share thy people's rest;
Poor in spirit, I presume
To press unto the feast:
Justifying faith impart,
And cloath me with thy righteousness;
In the fountain dip my heart,
And sign my glad release.

3. Fill me with thy perfect love,
And answer each complaint;
Unbelieving thoughts remove,
And banish all my want:
Lord, enable me by grace
My ev'ry weight to lay aside;
Patiently to run my race,
Till I become thy bride.

HYMN LXII.

WHAT shall I render to the Lord,
For all the griefs and curse endur'd
For me, when veil'd in clay?
How shall I speak his wond'rous grace?
Or how return him proper praise?
Alas! the debt I ne'er can pay.

2. No

2. No word, nor work of mine could move
The Lord to manifeſt his love,
Or chuſe me for his ſpouſe;
No: 'twas thro' grace and grace alone
He claim'd the rebel for his own,
And brought me to his marriage-houſe.

3. Beneath his ſhadow I ſat down;
And call'd Immanuel my own,
And ſhar'd the goſpel-feaſt;
His banner over me was love,
And loſt in wonder, I did prove
His fruit delightful to my taſte.

4. Since Jeſus underwent the toil
For me, and I enjoy the ſpoil
Of all his ſmart and pain;
Selfiſh vain pleas muſt ever ceaſe,
And I, indebted to his grace,
Proclaim all glory to his name.

HYMN LXIII.

COME, come ſinners, view your Jeſus yonder
Hanging up 'twixt earth and ſkies;
See his back with laſhes torn aſunder;
Hear, oh! hear his mournful cries:
By this ſight a ſinner dead is quicken'd,
Nature's ſprings impure are hereby weaken'd,
This the laver and the pool,
Where each leper is made whole!

2. They, who feel and keep this ſweet ſenſation,
Daily baſk in ſunny beams;
They covet no other habitation,
Thirſt to taſte no other ſtreams,

True

True content from this alone commences,
This to us our heaven evidences:
Here we reas'ning loſe and fear:
Happy ſouls, who anchor here.

3. Still, O Jeſus, for thy church be caring,
Her minuteſt wants ſupply;
Be with purple oil each heart ſtill chearing,
Till ſhe quit mortality:
Of each weight may ſhe be more diveſted,
Live beneath thy ſcepter unmoleſted,
In thy matchleſs radience ſhine,
Proving her deſcent divine.

4. Chear thy choſen witneſſes, O Jeſus,
With pure oil out of thy horn,
That with joy they may to diſtant places
Bear thy name thro' mocks and ſcorn:
Let them on thy arm ſtill lean unſhaken,
Till they from their pilgrimage are taken
To unite the countleſs crowd,
Who ſtill ſing, and cry aloud
"Glory to the Lord our God."

HYMN LXIV.

WHAT language's this I hear,
This kind ſalute of grace,
Which whiſpers in my ear
The grateful words of peace?
Hail! bleſſed Lord, "tis thy ſweet voice
Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

2. Thou art my chief delight,
A lovely Friend indeed;
Quite precious in my ſight,
My help in ev'ry need:

Hereby

Hereby I'm ſtrengthen'd in the way,
And thank Thee for this goſpel-day.

3. Unworthy as I am,
And baſe in my own eyes;
On my account the Lamb
Aſcends the upper ſkies:
Aſſumes at God's right hand a ſeat,
And grants me at his feet to ſit.

4. My great High-Prieſt is gone
Into the holy-place,
The curtain is withdrawn,
Which veil'd his lovely face;
The paſſage now is clear and free,
The veil is rent for wretched me.

5. Before his God he ſtands
With incenſe of his own,
And lifts his prieſtly hands
Up to the Father's throne:
Pours out his ſoul for me in pray'r,
An object of his ſpecial care.

6. He points unto his ſide,
To ev'ry bruiſe and wound;
And conſtantly employ'd
Wreſtling in pray'r he's found:
Wreſtling for me the ſuit he gains,
Pardon and peace and heav'n obtains.

HYMN LXV.

THY endleſs love how ſhall I ſing,
Or praiſe Thee, my victorious King?
The myſt'ry is too great;
Should nature all in conſort join

T'aſſiſt

T'assist this feeble heart of mine,
The anthem would not be compleat.

2. For when I scan thy mercies o'er,
That immense deep without a shore,
I sink, I'm in amaze;
What's one poor drop to that vast sea,
Which flow'd from all eternity?
On that I'll look and melt and gaze.

3. Fill me with streams of flowing love,
Till I shall tread the courts above
With unconceiv'd delight;
There love shall strike each willing string,
And saints and angels ever sing,
And faith shall then be lost in sight.

4. Each moment keep me on my guard,
Eying the sure the great reward,
Till all my toil be o'er;
Then shall I solace in thy love,
And praise Thee with thy saints above,
Where griefs and sorrows are no more.

HYMN LXVI.

QUITE happy am I when I feel
The Saviour nigh my heart;
To me the Lamb himself reveals
With all his wounds and smart:
Sweet is the fellowship I prove,
I weep, and sing, believe, and love;
And thus o'erwhelm'd in rapture sweet,
I cling around his feet.

2. A tender shame o'erspreads my mind,
And blushes fill my face;

I find my heart with warmth inclin'd
To ſtation near the place,
Where Jeſus paid my ranſom-price,
And gave himſelf a ſacrifice;
Near to the ſtreaming croſs's tree
I ever long to be.

3. 'Tis here with happy John I view
His body mark'd with ſcars;
And Mary-like the earth bedew
With floods of ſacred tears:
I'm raviſh'd with the charming ſight;
The Lamb the Lamb is my delight;
The glory of the Trinity
In him diſtinct I ſee.

4. Free from the noiſy buſy crowd,
Here would I ever ſtay;
And live in fellowſhip with God
With Jeſus night and day:
I'll ſing unwearied of his love,
Till to my upper houſe I move;
And then in higher notes of praiſe,
My heart to him I'll raiſe.

HYMN LXVII.

SINNERS, behold the pierced Lamb,
For you he hung upon the ſtem;
Behold him by the eye of faith,
For life doth iſſue from his death.

2. Salvation's well wide open ſtands,
And blood-ſtreams run from feet and hands,
The open'd ſide doth richly flow,
From whence with joy we water draw.

3. Water to quench our parching thirſt,
To cleanſe and make us fit for Chriſt,
T' allay our nature's fire within,
And purify the ſoul from ſin.

4. Jeſus alone true life imparts,
And med'cine for all wounded hearts;
With balm ſupplies for every ſore,
And works a ſpeedy perfect cure.

5. One look, to him upon the pole,
Revives and heals the ſin-ſtung ſoul;
Relieves the weary, and the faint,
The tempted and each mourner's want.

6. Come then, Thou great High-Prieſt apply
To us this ſovereign remedy;
That we the bleſſings of thy death,
May antedate below by faith.

HYMN LXVIII.

THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing, but ſhame and deep diſgrace,
No period elſe is ſeen;
Till he a ſpotleſs victim fell,
Taſting in ſoul a painful hell,
Cauſ'd by the creature's ſin.

2. On the cold Ground, methinks, I ſee
My Jeſus kneel and pray for me,
For this I him adore;
Siez'd with a chilly ſweat throughout,
Blood-drops did force their paſſage out
Thro' every open'd pore.

3. A pricking crown his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see;
Mocking they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.

4. Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock, and make their game,
At length his cross they rear:
And can you see the mighty God
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without a thankful tear?

5. Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree;
What tongue his griefs can tell!
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Creator fell.

6. Shout, Brethren, shout in songs divine:
He drank the gall, to give us wine
To quench our parching thirst:
Seraphs, advance your voices higher
Bride of the Lamb, unite the quire,
And laud thy precious Christ!

HYMN LXIX.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my weary troubled spirit
Now finds rest in Thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
Whilst in thy dear arms I lie!

Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
Whilſt the Saviour is ſo nigh.

2. Now I'll ſing of Jeſu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his ſpirit,
He is ſtill the very ſame:
He that aſketh, ſoon receiveth,
He that ſeeks, is ſure to find;
Come, for whoſoe'er believeth
He will never caſt behind.

3. Now our counſellor is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding
As the purchaſe of his blood:
Hear, methinks, I hear him praying,
Father, ſave them, I have dy'd;
And the Father anſwers, ſaying,
They are freely juſtify'd.

HYMN LXX.

STRANGERS, and ſojourners below,
We travel thro' this wilderneſs,
Seeking the promis'd reſt to know
In Chriſt, the fountain of true bliſs:
We ſeek a place beyond the ſkies,
An everlaſting paradiſe.

2. In this purſuit we ſtand in need
Of daily freſh ſupplies of grace;
Our ſouls with Manna Chriſt muſt feed,
While we his leading footſteps trace:
So ſhall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.

3. No earthly joy is worth our ſtay,
Or ſtruggle for another breath,
Theſe comforts vaniſh and decay,
And yield no true ſolace in death:
While others vain delights purſue,
We taſte God's love for ever new.

4. What tho' the world our ſouls beſiege,
And all the fiends of hell combine
Together with our fleſh in league,
Againſt the family divine.
Greater is he whoſe pow'r we claim,
Than all our adverſe foes can name.

5. His croſs inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel ſin;
Peace, love and joy hence richly flow,
And cauſe ſweet melody within:
Dependent on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a ſuff'ring hour.

6. 'Tis here we fix the eye of faith,
And giant-like our courſe we run,
With ſteadineſs purſue the path,
With courage to the mark preſs on;
Till we obtain the wiſh'd-for prize,
And take our place above the ſkies.

7. The new Jeruſalem appears,
Her citizens reſplendent ſhine;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:
With them we ſtrait his glory ſee,
And praiſe him thro' eternity.

HYMN LXXI.

SEE Jesus, our deliv'rer great,
Rising his vict'ry to compleat;
In vain's the seal and stone!
O grave, where is thy victory?
Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror see
Rising, he leaves the guarded tomb.

2. A while he with his favourites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the starry sky;
The heav'ns with acclamations ring
To welcome their victorious King,
And shout aloud his victory.

3. Mindful of all thy favour, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face;
Give all, who are assembled here,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sweetly sing redeeming grace.

4. Clearly to every heart display
Thy gaping bloody wounds this day;
Each drooping heart inflame;
Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below,
And spread abroad thy righteous fame.

5. Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend?
When shall we see Thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity therein to spend?

HYMN. LXXII.

WHEN first conviction seiz'd my heart,
I struggl'd to unloose the chain
This but the more increas'd my smart,
And prov'd my efforts all in vain:
Passive at length I did resign,
And quickly found redemption mine.

2. With joy my heart did move along,
Blest with the principle divine;
The Lamb the burden of my song,
Vouchsaf'd with warmth on me to shine:
I felt the sweets of love increase —
Quite happy were my infant Days!

3. A while I on these blessings fed,
And deem'd my mountain very strong;
Till all the sense of love was dead,
The tokens of his favours gone:
Reas'ning again my mind oppress,
And sorrow fill'd my pensive breast.

4. Try'd was my faith as in the fire,
No more I could on feelings lean,
Nor build my hopes on past desire,
Nor on the best inherent frame:
My faith no more on these could stand,
Nor live on present stock in hand.

5. 'Twas then the spirit of the Lamb,
Within my heart assum'd his place,
And glorify'd Immanuel's name,
And stampt me with his seal of grace:
The myst'ry from the world conceal'd,
Distinctly to my soul reveal'd.

6. The

6. The holy myſtery of faith,
Unlock'd, unveil'd, I then did prove;
And grounded on my Saviour's death,
No more I doubted of his love:
Cover'd with ſelf-abaſing ſhame,
Free-grace I loudly did proclaim.

HYMN LXXIII.

O THOU tender loving Jeſus,
Now thy ſaving grace impart;
From the world and Satan ſave us,
Save us from our evil heart:
Throw thy arms in mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jeſus, come;
Let our flinty hearts be broken
Falling on the corner-ſtone.

2. Here for ever let us center
Steady, tho' aſſail'd by ſin;
Forward may we ſtoutly venture,
Till eternal life we win:
Baniſh ev'ry reas'ning ſcruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring cloud;
Our poor hearts, O Jeſus, ſprinkle,
With thy precious precious blood.

3. When our chearing feelings ſicken,
And a veil our ſouls o'erſpreads;
Then with grace our ſpirits quicken,
To raiſe up our drooping heads:
Would our fooliſh hearts e'er wander
From the ſource of real joy?
Call us back, but not in anger,
Leſt thy fury us deſtroy.

4. Arm

4. Arm us from thy heav'nly storehouse,
Still display thy banner high,
March victorious on before us,
Make the world and Satan fly:
When thy messenger arraigns us
To close up our weary eyes,
In that needy hour sustain us,
Till we grasp the heav'nly prize.

HYMN LXXIV.

O JESU, my God,
Come make thine abode
Within my poor heart;
O Jesu, come quickly a Saviour Thou art.

2. Salvation I need,
I want to be freed
From all my distress;
And feel in my heart the rich distilling of peace.

3. I thirst to be thine,
To feel Thee within
Diffusing abroad
Thy love, that my heart may ascend unto God.

4. This, Lord, Thou canst do,
And give me to know
My sins are forgiven;
My treasure laid up in the kingdom of heav'n.

5. Take me as I am,
Thy property claim;
My nature refine,
And form my affections and temper divine.

6. No more would I [illegible]
For objects beneath

But

But live to thy praise,
Advancing in knowledge, and growing in grace.

HYMN LXX.

WHAT object is this which mine eyes
From out Jerusalem's gate,
Which fills my mind with such surprize,
As wonder to create?

2. Who can it be that groans beneath
A cross of massy wood,
Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,
And body's dropping blood?

3. Is this the man? can this be he,
The Seers have foretold,
Shou'd with transgressors number'd be,
And for their crimes be sold?

4. Yes, now I know 'tis he, 'tis he,
Ev'n Jesus, God's dear Son,
Wrapt in mortality to die
For crimes, that I had done.

5. O blessed sight, O lovely form,
To such souls like me it is
I'll creep besides him as a worm
And see him bleed for me.

6. I'll hear his groans, and view each wound,
Until, in happy satisfaction
I on his breast a place have found
Sweetly to lean upon.

HYMN LXXVI.

THE ſmart, the anguiſh which I feel
Within my heart who knows?
When Jeſus doth his face conceal,
When he himſelf withdraws.

2. Veil'd in a cloud, my ſpirits faint,
In ſick'ning air I breathe;
Mournful I tread the darkſome vale,
The gloomy ſhades of death.

3. For ah! the comforter's withdrawn,
My golden days are paſt,
In ſpirit languiſhing I groan,
And own the ſcourge is juſt.

4. Sin leaves its bitter pangs behind,
And ſteals away my peace;
Diſtracts with warring ills my mind,
And maſks my Saviour's face.

5. I have defil'd my marriage-bed,
And made my ſpouſe depart;
Preſuming in the ſtrength I had,
I've griev'd my bridegroom's heart.

6. My garments I have greatly ſtain'd,
And pierc'd my tender Lamb:
For this my heart is inly pain'd,
And fill'd with utmoſt ſhame.

7. When ſhall thy countenance appear,
And I my joy regain?
When ſhall I thy ſweet whiſpers hear,
And feel thy love again?

8. Phyſician,

8. Phyſician, deeper daily probe
The painful noiſome ſore;
And then apply the healing blood,
And I ſhall weep no more.

HYMN LXXVII.

JESUS, let me taſte thy grace,
And feel thy pureſt love;
Guard me in this wilderneſs,
And all my foes remove;
Ev'ry hindrance, Lord, withdraw,
And let me reach the promis'd land;
While I ſojourn here below,
Protect me with thy hand.

2. Worldly pleaſures all are vain,
Yet I the trifles lov'd;
Now I do their charms diſdain,
Their emptineſs I've prov'd:
Only in thy grace I truſt,
And feel the pleaſures of thy love;
Only in thy merits boaſt,
And in Thee live and move.

3. I was Satan's willing ſlave,
Till Chriſt, my heav'nly King,
Pleaſed was my ſoul to ſave
From all the pow'r of ſin:
Me he rais'd from deep deſpair,
And ſhew'd to me his ſmiling face;
Heard my ſighs and mournful pray'r,
And deck'd me with his grace.

HYMN LXXVIII.

I THANK Thee, high and mighty One,
That Thou didſt give thy only Son,

To travail in my ſtead;
I thank Thee for that love divine,
Thro' which redemption's grace was mine
In Chriſt, before the world was made.

2. I thank Thee, Jeſus, holy Lamb,
For all thy ſufferings and pain
To purchaſe my relief;
I thank Thee with unfeigned praiſe,
For all thy bounteous acts of grace,
The purchas'd bleſſings of thy grief.

3. I thank Thee, Spirit, for thy care;
Thou found'ſt the roving wanderer
Amidſt the ways of ſin:
And gently call'dſt me to embrace
Full abſolution, perfect peace,
And fixt thy reſidence within.

4. Continue ſtill thy gracious aid;
My ſoul to living waters lead
My thirſt to ſatisfy;
Conduct me thro' this world of ſtrife;
Be with me on the verge of life;
And bleſs me, Saviour, when I die.

HYMN LXXIX.

O WICKED heart, thou enemy!
Why doſt thou vex and trouble me?
Dear Lamb, what ſhall I do?
I find I muſt, at thy pierc'd feet,
A helpleſs ſinner ever ſit,
Till Thou the way me ſhew.

2. Sometimes I think no more I'll doubt,
And half eſpy the paſſage out

Unto my resting-place;
There would my soul unshaken rest,
Peaceful on my dear Husband's breast,
And live in his embrace.

3. Sometimes I think I faintly see
His wounds and scars were made for me,
For me the streams flow'd down:
Sweet liberty from thence doth flow;
With ardent love my heart doth glow
To God's beloved Son.

4. Apply thy merits closer still,
That I more sensibly may feel
That I am thine alone;
Oh! may I henceforth bid adieu
To every idol here below,
And stoutly say, be-gone.

HYMN LXXXI.

IS it so, that I have tasted
Of the Saviour's dying love?
Who had all my substance wasted,
And did prodigal-like rove
Far from Jesu's shady arbour,
And on husks contented fed,
Knowing not that in his harbour
There for all was store of bread.

2. May I now to him in spirit
Chearfully arise, and go;
Till I feel his blood and merit
Warm my heart, and thro' me flow:
For I clearly am convinced
Short hereof I am not safe;

Tho'

Tho' he dy'd; yet, if not cleanſed,
I'm an object of his wrath.

3. O my Lamb, then bring me to Thee;
Warm me with thy fire throughout
Let thy blood flow thro' and thro' me;
Find each hidden corner out:
Draw my heart from all that's evil,
Fix it firm on things above;
Conqueror over death and devil,
Aiming at thy heav'n of love.

4. Ev'ry glowing ardour heighten,
Kindl'd by celeſtial fire;
Ev'ry glim'ring taper brighten,
Strengthen ev'ry weak deſire:
Baniſh from my heart all doubting,
Wipe all tears from off my face;
Bring the topſtone forth with ſhouting,
Shouting unto it free-grace.

HYMN LXXXI.

PLEASURES of ſenſe be-gone,
Adieu each carnal flame!
Your pleaſing vanities I ſhun
With holy juſt diſdain:
Forbear to tempt me thus,
Your efforts are in vain;
Blind world! I count thy treaſures droſs,
When mention'd with the Lamb.

2. Thy gaudy ſhews I hate,
Thy worthleſs toys deſpiſe;
I prove my happineſs compleat
In Jeſu's ſacrifice:
No more myſelf I pleaſe

With objects that are seen;
From such an empty search I cease,
And scorn the ways of sin.

3. The joys of earth I wave,
And these no more admire;
No more I yield myself a slave
To fleshly vain desire;
If these should seem to rise,
The remedy is near;
To Jesu's wounds I turn my eyes,
And find my refuge there.

4. The Lamb did freely bleed,
To sanctify my frame;
I find his help in every need,
And glory in his name;
From the ungodly throng
Thro' grace he sets me free;
The stronger dispossess'd the strong,
And Jesus reigns in me.

5. Thus tho' I'm weak and faint,
Helpless and nought can do;
Jesus is mine, what can I want,
His arm shall bring me thro':
Thro' him I victory gain,
And triumph in his pow'r;
Subdue my foes in Jesu's name,
And stand in danger's hour.

HYMN LXXXII.

CONVINC'D of sin, O Lamb of God,
I languish for thy precious blood;
Awaken'd in my heart to feel
Distress, which nought but grace can heal.

2. Tho'

2. Tho' in religion I drag on,
Tis blindfold, and my God's unknown:
I ſigh, I grieve, and oft am near
The gloomy borders of deſpair.

3. When others I rejoicing ſee,
It aggravates my miſery;
And ſtriving to rejoice with them,
Does but me fill with after ſhame.

4. My geſtures grave and ſaint-like face
Do but the more betray my caſe;
Reſpites of eaſe, or ſhort, or long,
My bondage only do prolong.

5. There's nought, I'm ſure, can do me good
But ſprinkling with the healing blood:
If that's not mine, and freely giv'n,
I may come near, but not find heav'n.

6. Sometimes I think, at mercy's door
I'll waiting knock, and not give o'er,
Until my heav'nly ſuit I gain,
And find deliv'rance from my pain.

7. But ſoon thro' unbelief I faint,
And fall o'erwhelmed with my want;
And when a while I've mourning lain,
I riſe, my chains to hug again.

8. But yet in Chriſt, this faith I have,
The world he made, he dy'd to ſave;
And was as truly God the Son,
Upon the croſs, as on the throne:

9. And that he can to th'utmoſt ſave
All who in God thro' him believe;

But here I ſtop, I cannot ſee
He lov'd, and gave himſelf for me.

10. Yet fain I in this faith would wait
A humble beggar at his feet;
And ſuppliant-like, throughout my days,
Petition for his ſaving grace.

HYMN LXXXIII.

THE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of ſin, and ſelf pulls down;
Humbles the ſinner at his feet,
And makes his wounds and paſſion ſweet.

2. Bow'd down in ſhame, we gladly own
The work to be the Lord's alone;
To him our very all we owe,
What of ourſelves or God we know.

3. Our works no longer then we praiſe,
Nothing extol, but Jeſu's grace;
Free and unmerited we prove
The boundleſs height and depth of love.

4. While thus we learn the needful part;
Shame fills, love warms the grateful heart:
While on his ſuff'ring form we muſe,
Our cares and very thoughts we loſe.

5. We ſtand amaz'd, and wonder why
The Saviour could for ſinners die;
We bluſh to ſee him in his blood;
Yet here we look, and drop our load.

6. All bleſſings from the croſs proceed;
Thither we look in all our need;

And

And Chriſt the heav'nly object find,
Enough to captivate mankind.

7. Then, O my ſoul, how canſt thou be
So cold to him, who dy'd for thee?
How canſt thou chuſe but love his name,
And glow with holy fervent flame?

HYMN LXXXIV.

HIM, who life for me regained,
Willingly I do adore;
Glory in the peace obtained,
Triumph in the Saviour's pow'r:
Saints, and Angels, bow before him,
All his ſubjects do adore him;
On the throne
God's dear Son
Ever ſhall continue:
Still in heart let him be praiſed,
Who our ſins and guilt eraſed.

2. While each herald Thee proclaimeth,
Pardon unto Iſrael give;
What in us of ſelf remaineth,
Jeſus, give it no reprieve:
Crucify each vile affection;
Let us feel our ſure election;
To each heart
Grace impart
That we may give glory
Unto thee, who giv'ſt ſalvation,
Ever paying adoration.

3. While on earth we are ſojourning,
Let thy hand our guardian be;

Still

Still afford a ſweet diſcerning
Of thyſelf upon the tree;
Save us by thy mighty power,
Heav'nly bleſſings on us ſhower;
From above
Send thy love,
O thou bleſt redeemer!
Then aloud our voices raiſing,
Thee we ſhall be ever praiſing.

HYMN LXXXV.

THE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary choſe with all her heart,
I would purſue with heart and mind;
And ſeek unwearied till I find.

2. But Oh! I'm blind and ignorant;
The ſpirit of the Lord I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happineſs and God.

3 O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way
How I may have my ſins forgiv'n,
And ſafe and ſurely get to heav'n.

4. My mind enlighten with thy light;
That I may underſtand aright
The glorious goſpel's myſtery,
Which ſhews the way to heav'n and Thee.

5. Hidden in Chriſt the treaſure lies,
That goodly pearl of ſo great price;
No other way, but Chriſt, there is
To endleſs happineſs and bliſs.

6. O Jesus Christ, my Lord, and God,
Who hath redeem'd me by thy blood;
Unite my heart so fast to Thee,
That we may never parted be.

7. Give me a new and contrite heart,
The faith which works by love impart;
Wash me from all the stains of sin,
And make me pure and clean within.

HYMN LXXXVI.

BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train;
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain.

2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold:
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.

3. Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciling face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means
To bless a vile and helpless race.

4. Here manifest thyself in peace;
Thy faithful mercies here make known;
Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
And send the cheering blessing down.

5. We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
We bow as sinners at thy feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our heart.

6. Thy

6. Thy tender love therein display,
Diſpenſe to each the living bread;
Oh! let thy blood ſuch power convey,
As may cement us to our head.

7. Attach our hearts to Thee, dear Lamb;
Vouchſafe to join us all in one
To love and praiſe thy precious name,
Until we meet around the throne.

HYMN LXXXVII.

THOU Son of conſolation,
Refreſh us in our need;
Breathe thro' this congregation,
Our ſouls with Manna feed:
Diſpel the clouds of darkneſs;
Command the light to ſhine;
And baniſh all our ſadneſs
By one ſweet look of thine.

2. Remind us of thoſe ſorrows
Thou carried'ſt in our ſtead;
And all thoſe open'd furrows
The cruel ſcourges made:
Oh! lead us to the garden
To view thy bloody ſweat,
Wreſtling beneath the burden
Of ſin's diſtreſſing weight.

3. Yea, let us be repairing
With haſte to Calvary,
To view the nails him ſearing,
While ſtretch'd upon the tree;
Oh! who can tell the anguiſh
Which reach'd that tender heart;

Which

Which there did inly languish
Thro' piercing racking smart.

4. Methinks, I see him bleeding,
And wish there to abide,
Where purple gore is streaming
From hands, and feet, and side:
Oh! let thy bitter penance,
And life a scene of pain;
Freely redress each grievance,
And give the sacred name.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

MY dear Redeemer, dying Lord,
I love to hear of Thee:
Thy name doth grace and life afford
To sinful souls like me.

2. Thy precious name so warms my heart
And sets my soul on flame;
I would not Lord, from Thee depart,
But always love thy name.

3. I live, because my Saviour dy'd,
Above the pow'r of sin;
Hereby I'm freely justify'd,
Because he rose again.

4. I'm lost in wonder, when I see
His grievous bitter smart;
And how he liv'd, and dy'd for me;
This breaks my stony heart.

5. Oh! then I blush, and nothing say,
But silently fall down
Like Sheba's queen, and faint away
Before king Solomon.

6. Christ

6. Chriſt lives in me, and I in him
The happy life of faith;
E'er long he will deſtroy my ſin,
And quite aboliſh death.

HYMN LXXXIX.

O DEAR Redeemer, who alone
Canſt give me eaſe in pain;
Whoſe blood did once for ſin atone,
And pardon for me gain.

2. I once was wholly dead in ſin,
And ignorant of Thee;
And walk'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3. But thine all-ſeeing eye then view'd,
And mark'd my ev'ry way;
And ſtill in tender love purſu'd
Me, who from Thee did ſtray.

4. Thy name is now thro' grace become
More precious to my ſoul,
Than ſweeteſt ſmell of rich perfume,
Or Aarons precious oil.

5. Without thy favour, tho' I live,
Life but a burden is;
Nought elſe can ſatisfaction give,
Experience ſhews me this.

6. My faithleſs heart, O Saviour dear,
Correct with gentle hand,
In ev'ry danger be Thou near,
Alone I cannot ſtand.

HYMN XC.

THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem;
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails, and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

2. None among the ſons of men,
None among th'angelic train,
Can with my belov'd compare;
Who to me is ever dear.

3. Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhould ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

4. Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my heart exceeding fair.

5. Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies;
Earthly toys are far too mean
To divert me from my Lamb.

6. How, my Lord, ſhall I ſet forth
All thy dignity and worth!
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love, or half my bliſs.

7. From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify:
Let my fellow-creatures prove,
What I've taſted in thy love.

8. Soul and body ſink with ſhame,
While I Thee my Saviour name;
Soul and body now are free
In the goſpel-liberty.

HYMN XCI.

SINNERS, come, your voices raiſe,
Sound aloud your makers praiſe;
Praiſe him, who from heaven came,
Praiſe the child from Bethlehem.

2. We ſee wonders ev'ry hour
Brought about by Jeſu's pow'r;
He in ſpite of all his foes,
Conqu'ring, and to conquer goes.

3. Go on, Jeſus, ever go,
Till ten thouſand more Thee know;
In thy goſpel-chariot ride;
Gather now thy ranſom'd bride.

4. Bid thy enemies be ſtill;
Learn thy foes to know thy will;
Bid their ſin and guilt depart,
Bring them near thy bleeding heart.

5. Perſecutors now reclaim,
Let them feel thy grace's flame;
Drunkards, whoremongers call home,
Jeſus, bid the wand'rers come.

6. The ſelf-righteous widely ſtray
From the new and living way;
Open, Lord, their blinded eyes,
Leſt they ſtill thy truth deſpiſe.

7. Still there muſt be room, for why?
Truth itſelf can never lye;
Come away, the fatling's ſlain,
Jeſus is the paſcal Lamb.

8. This is he who calling ſtood,
When we wallow'd in our blood;
Sinners, now the call embrace,
Bluſhing fall before his face.

HYMN XCII.

I GRIEVE, nor can my grief e'er ceaſe,
Till I my Saviour truly love;
Till he with blood ſigns my releaſe,
And ſweetly draws my thoughts above:
For this I languiſh, mourn, and pine,
To prove the dear Redeemer mine.

2. But oh! how backward is my mind,
How widely my affections rove;
Yet no true peace on earth I find,
No trace of bliſs where'er I move;
Objects of ſenſe can ne'er impart
Felicity unto my heart.

3. No: nothing now can ſatisfy,
Or true contentment here afford;
Till I by faith can humbly cry,
Jeſus is now become my Lord:
Jeſus the man of deepeſt grief,
Alone can ſend me kind relief.

4. On him my all I fain would ſtay,
And ſweetly on his boſom reſt;
Till all my griefs ſhall die away,

And love ſhall ſparkle in my breaſt:
When ſhall it be, my deareſt Lamb,
That I ſhall feel this holy flame?

5. Thy ſaints can triumph in the bliſs,
And all thy won'drous works declare;
Oh! how I long to feel their peace,
And all their banquetings to ſhare:
Come to my heart, O quickly come;
And tell me that Thou art my own.

HYMN XCIII.

O JESUS, everlaſting God,
Who once for ſinners ſhed'ſt thy blood
Upon mount Calvary;
And finiſh'ſt there redemption's toil,
And mad'ſt loſt man thy happy ſpoil:
All glory be to Thee.

2. Fain would I think upon thy pain,
And find therein my life and gain,
And fix my heart and mind
Upon thy wounds, and dying love;
Nor from that point a hair's breadth move,
Till all thy heav'n I find.

3. Content and glad I'll ever be
To have ſalvation, Lord, from Thee,
Ev'n as a ſinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treaſure's in the bleeding Lamb
Both here, and evermore.

4. The more thro' grace myſelf I know,
The more content I am to bow
And ſink beneath thy croſs:

And live by faith upon thy blood,
Waiting on Thee for every good,
And count my gain but loss.

HYMN XCIV.

OH! how was I once benighted,
Running on the downward road;
And for sin my Saviour slighted,
Grieving my dear Lord and God:
I poor silly stupid creature
Foolish, like the younger son,
Far estrang'd from my Creator,
From my Father's house did run.

2. But I'm heartily ashamed,
When I see my follies all;
I was highly to be blamed
To refuse my Saviour's call:
But at length the law arraign'd me,
Pointed out my misery;
Then his dying smart sustain'd me,
And mark'd out my liberty.

3. Self-convicted did I wonder,
Sinner-like begun to cry;
Who is it hangs naked yonder?
I, not he, deserv'd to die:
Oh! 'tis moving and surprizing
To behold the victim fall;
God, his Son for us baptizing,
Lays on him the guilt of all.

4. O my Alpha and Omega!
Thou my first and last shall be
Thou, my Lord and God Jehovah,
Art the Lamb who died for me:

That's my heaven, now I feel it;
Now the gospel-feast I prove;
Saviour, with thy spirit seal it;
Oh! I cannot help, but love.

HYMN XCV.

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
And hear the gospel-word;
Regard your visitation-day,
And entertain your Lord.

2. He calls unto the sons of men
His offer'd grace to prove,
That they in seeking may attain
Repentance, faith, and love.

3. Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim;
Why should you then his suit despise,
And grieve the tender Lamb?

4. His arms are open to receive
Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and present peace to give,
And love that never dies.

5. In peace the Lord your souls shall kiss,
And welcome wand'rers home;
Heal all your wounds, proclaim your peace,
And mark you for his own.

6. Come then, receive your suitor in,
The royal heav'nly guest;
And to your joy, you'll find in him
A sweet refreshing feast.

7. Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou Friend, of sinners, come;
Descend, kind comforter, and bring
The great salvation down.

HYMN XCVI.

HOW sweet a thing it is to see
The chosen people of the Lord,
Dwelling in love and unity,
Abiding stedfast in the word.

2. His praises do each tongue command,
His love's convey'd from heart to heart;
All, willingly with heart and hand
Reciprocally act their part.

3. All love to hear their Shepherd's voice,
While he gives pasture to his sheep;
With those that joy, they do rejoice;
And weep in heart, with those that weep.

4. Their burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's grief,
And when appriz'd of dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate relief.

HYMN XCVII.

MY Lord, how great's the favour!
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door;
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;

There

There wait the welcome meſſage,
Which bids me go in peace.

2. I am a helpleſs creature,
Full of the deepeſt need,
Throughout defil'd by nature,
Stupid and inly dead;
My ſtrength is perfect weakneſs,
And all I have is ſin;
My heart is all uncleanneſs,
A den of thieves within.

3. In this forlorn condition,
Who ſhall afford me aid;
Where ſhall I meet compaſſion
But in the Church's head?
Jeſus, Thou art all pity,
Oh! take me to thy arms;
And exerciſe thy mercy
To ſave me from all harms.

4. I'll never ceaſe repeating
My numberleſs complaints;
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of ſaints;
Till I attain the image
Of him, I inly love;
And pay my grateful homage
With all the ſaints above.

5. Then I, with all in glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th'amazing pleaſing ſtory
Of Jeſu's love ſo great:
In this bleſt contemplation
I ever ſhall be well;
And prove ſuch conſolation,
As none below can tell.

HYMN XCVIII.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name, and thy nature, thy ſpirit, and grace;
And trace the dear footſteps of Jeſus, my Lord,
And glory in him, whom the nations abhorr'd.

2. O wonder of wonders! aſtoniſh'd I gaze
To ſee in the manger the Antient of days;
And angels proclaiming the ſtranger forlorn,
And telling the ſhepherds that Jeſus is born.

3. My God, my Creator, the heavens did bow
To ranſom offenders, and ſtoop'd very low;
The body prepar'd by his Father aſſumes,
And on the kind errand moſt joyfully comes.

4. Mock'd, ſcorn'd, and derided, by few he's receiv'd;
To finiſh tranſgreſſions he's pained, and griev'd:
My bliſs he recover'd in that he was ſlain;
His blood-drops I reckon my life, and my gain.

5. For thouſands of ſinners the Lamb bow'd his head,
While hanging an enſign in garments ſo red:
My ſpirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My ſoul is redeemed; ſalvation is won.

6. My God is returned to glory on high;
When death makes a paſſage, then to him I'll fly;
I gladly will leave all my brethren behind,
Expecting in glory we all ſhall be join'd.

HYMN XCIX.

TH'extent of Jeſu's love
What heart can comprehend?
A breadth whoſe diſtance none can prove,
A length without an end.

The

The first-born Seraphs try
The myst'ry to explore;
Yet cannot trace it out; for why?
The curse they never bore.

2. The grace unsearchable,
Transcending human thought;
Who, who, in earth, or heav'n can tell
Or find the wonder out?
All the angelic quire
Unite to give him praise;
And saints redeeming love admire,
And loud hosannahs raise.

3. To Christ we lift our voice,
Who have redemption found;
And in his name alone rejoice,
Whence all our joys abound:
This cures the burden'd mind,
This calms the ruffled heart;
This manifests the Saviour's kind,
And bids our fears depart.

H Y M N C.

MY Lord, I'm fill'd with wonder
To find Thee still so kind;
When I intensely ponder
The coldness of my mind;
My numberless omissions,
My negligence in pray'r;
My manifold commissions,
And wand'rings here and there.

2. How many vile affections
Surviving vex my heart;

How

How ſtrong are theſe corruptions,
Which warring give me ſmart;
The world, the fleſh, and devil
Strive to uſurp the ſway;
Still tempting me to evil,
To lead my ſoul aſtray.

3. In lieu of loud thankſgiving,
Wherein I ought t'abound;
I'm ſubject to complaining,
When trials me ſurround;
My want of reſignation
Diſorders me within;
Gives birth unto temptation,
To unbelief and ſin.

4. But ſoon I am aſhamed
Such thoughts to entertain;
Why ſhould, my Lord, be blamed,
Since I the faulter am?
Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential race;
And mine to be receiving
The bounties of thy grace.

HYMN CI.

LORD, be mindful of our feeble frame,
For Thou once haſt fully try'd the ſame;
All our weakneſs well Thou knows,
And of all our grief the cauſe,
We can never duly laud thy name.

2. Crucify us to the world and ſin,
Cleanſe us from all filthineſs within;
Ev'ry vain deſire controul;

And in ſpirit, body, ſoul
Conſecrate us to thy love divine.

3. Fix thy temple, Saviour, in our breaſt;
Let our ſouls enjoy thy peaceful reſt:
Bid us ſweetly forward move,
Rooted, grounded in thy love;
And pronounce our ſouls for ever bleſt.

4. In temptation make us firmly ſtand;
Still obeying where Thou doſt command;
Mortify the man of ſin,
From the world our paſſions wean;
Hide us in the hollow of thy hand.

HYMN CII.

WE, thy children, claim thy ſpecial care
To preſerve us from each curſed ſnare;
Spotleſs virgins let us be,
Simply loving only Thee,
Who our burdens on the croſs did bear.

2. Lord, aſſiſt us in the needful hour,
Screen us by thy promis'd aid and pow'r;
We are very weak and frail,
To our ſouls thyſelf reveal;
Keep us humble, and in ſpirit poor.

3. From each rival our affections looſe;
Make us willing to take up our croſs:
Save us from our nature's fire,
From the flames of fond deſire;
Seal us, Saviour for thy happy ſpouſe.

HYMN

HYMN CIII.

LADEN'D with guilt ſinners, ariſe,
And view your bleeding ſacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.

2. Beneath your charms the victim ſtood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood;
Hereby ſtern juſtice is appeas'd;
Sinners, look up, and be releas'd.

3. Mercy, peace, truth, and righteouſneſs
Beam from the reconciler's face;
Here look, till love diſſolve your heart,
And bid your ſlaviſh fears depart.

4. Oh! quit the world's deluſive charms,
And quickly fly to Jeſu's arms:
Wreſtle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN CIV.

ADAM enjoy'd the ſmiles of God,
While in his firſt eſtate he ſtood
Endu'd with qualities divine,
Free from the love and act of ſin:
But ſoon, alas! by Satan was deceiv'd,
And of his ſpotleſs purity bereav'd.

2. Malignant evils enter'd in,
Death was the conſequence of ſin;
And none in heav'n nor earth could ſtand
Beneath the ſtroke of juſtice's hand:
Created ſtrength herein could not prevail
To make atonement, and retrieve the fall.

3. But O amazing love! God's Son
Vouchsafes a human frame t'assume;
Submits to die, for rebels too,
To save them from impending woe:
The spotless victim falls — mean while his blood
Breathes incense round about the throne of God.

4. Let saints and angels shout his praise,
Their voices to his honour raise;
While we, poor worms below, by faith
Enjoy the blessings of his death;
Life to celestial objects, death to sin,
A taste and evidence of things unseen.

HYMN CV.

AUTHOR of my salvation,
To Thee I turn mine eye;
My refuge in temptation,
To Thee in haste I fly;
Tho' sin and Satan grieve me,
And sorely pain my heart;
Thou'rt able to relieve me,
And ease me of my smart.

2. Why should I be dismayed,
They went the road before,
Who now in light arrayed
Are treading Sion's shore:
What is my first love's token
Slipt quite out of my mind?
Hath he his promise broken?
No: he's for ever kind.

3. My Lord, I'll wait thy pleasure,
And boldly march along;
And count Thee all my treasure,
And make Thee all my long:

Thy wounds and bloody ſluices
My chearing cordials be,
Let their attractive uſes
Unite my heart to Thee.

4. Juſt now with ardent wiſhes
I'd feed upon thy word,
And with ten thouſand kiſſes
Embrace my loving Lord;
Till I attain the viſion
Of him, on whom I wait,
And bow with ſweet ſubmiſſion
Before his pierced feet.

HYMN CVI.

THE Lord hath ſworn, and cannot lye,
With corn and wine he will ſupply
His choſen in their need:
The paſcal Lamb is their repaſt,
The ſtranger thereof cannot taſte,
Nor on the manna feed.

2. Refreſh'd hereby, we never tire,
But ſtill his boundleſs love admire,
And his example trace:
The goſpel-lamp ſhall light us on
Until our warfare here be done,
And finiſh'd by his grace.

HYMN CVII.

O JESU, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word.

2. In ſpirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace;
And chearfully join in a concert of praiſe.

3. The Antient of days
His glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his choſen with cheriſhing rays.

4. The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy — ſalvation thro' blood.

5. Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this Goſpel-day.

6. The people, who know
The Saviour below,
With burning affection to worſhip him glow.

7. Their anguiſh and ſmart
And ſorrows depart,
Who find his ſalvation inſcrib'd on their heart.

8. The people are bleſt
Who lean on his breaſt,
And ſhare in the foretaſte the promiſed reſt.

9. This bleſſing is mine
Thro' favour divine;
But O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!

10. The work is of grace;
Thine, thine be the praiſe!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

HYMN CVIII.

HOW ſhall a vile offender,
A prodigal like me,
Proper thankſgiving render
Unto his mercy free;
Whom I ſo often ſlighted
By my rebellious ways,
That I am not requited
With mis'ry all my days?

2. In mercy Thou paſs'd by me
When wallowing in my blood,
And drew the ſtranger nigh Thee;
And took away my load:
Thou broke my bands aſunder,
And diſpoſſeſs'd my fears,
Fill'd me with joy and wonder,
And melted me to tears.

3. In Thee I ſweetly center'd,
Thy mercy on me ſmil'd;
Till Satan ſlily enter'd,
And my weak heart beguil'd:
My preſent frames I valu'd
Which did a leanneſs bring;
The ſtream I keenly follow'd,
But overlook'd the ſpring.

4. Look on me tho' a traitor,
O my Redeemer dear!
Cleanſe my infected nature,
And all this rubbiſh clear:
Each fainting grace recover,
Apply the healing balm;
Speak my confuſion over;
My ruffled ocean calm.

5. Repeat thy mild correction,
Till Thou thy mind fulfil
On me, and force ſubjection
On my unruly will:
With grace my heart repleniſh
Henceforth, as heretofore,
That I my race may finiſh
With joy; and ſtray no more.

HYMN CIX.

WHEN I travail in diſtreſs,
Or griefs of any kind,
Burden'd with uneaſineſs,
And anguiſh on my mind;
One ſweet ray of heav'nly light
Diſpels the clouds which intervene,
Turns to day the gloomy night,
And quite renews the ſcene.

2. My complaints with ſpeed remove,
My ſorrows turn to joy,
Songs of melody and love
Again my tongue employ;
Then I enter into reſt,
Again I call Immanuel mine;
And, like John, upon his breaſt
My weary head recline.

3. His bleſs'd arms are underneath
My weakneſs to ſuſtain,
In love's element I breath
Free from tormenting pain;
Here I find a reſting-place
To all the carnal world unknown,
Here I taſte the glorious peace
Felt by the ſaints alone.

HYMN CX.

OFT I reflect upon the grace,
With tears of thankfulneſs,
Which call'd me from my native place,
The world's wide wilderneſs.

2. My precious time I vainly ſpent,
Subject to nature's ſway;
My corrupt carnal will was bent
Its motions to obey.

3 Thick darkneſs overſpread my mind,
I ſtumbled in the night;
All my affections were inclin'd
To creaturely delight.

4. God ſaw me, in this wretched caſe,
A ſlave to baſe deſire;
And by an act of ſpecial grace
The brand pluckt from the fire.

5. My heart, throughout defil'd by ſin,
The Holy Ghoſt renew'd;
And each unruly ill within
Thro' conqu'ring grace ſubdu'd.

6. Satan's dominion he deſtroy'd,
And ſpoke me into peace;
My ſoul a perfect calm enjoy'd,
And ſolac'd in the bliſs.

7. Still may a ſenſe of mercies paſt
Provoke me unto praiſe,
And whet my appetite to taſte
The larger draughts of grace.

HYMN

HYMN CXI.

LORD, avenge thy tempted ſaints,
For Thou canſt ſupply our wants;
Satan and a ſinful heart
Cauſe us many hours of ſmart.

2. We ſail on a troubled ſea
Harraſs'd by the enemy:
Foes without, and foes within
Tempting daily unto ſin.

3. Satan uſes all his craft
On the right hand, and the left;
World, and fleſh, and hell combine;
Jeſu, ſend thy help divine.

4. God his little remnant tries,
Salts with fire each ſacrifice:
But tho, tempeſts riſe afreſh ——
Chriſt is in the burning buſh.

5. Lord, thy dealings we admire,
Thou'lt us ſave, but yet by fire:
Purge the droſs, the gold refine,
Stamp the ſame for current coin.

6. Jeſu, we can find no reſt,
But when leaning on thy breaſt;
Onward then we ſweetly move,
When we ſuck the breaſts of love.

7. We ſhall ſurely find at length
Weakneſs perfect in thy ſtrength;
Tho' we're toſt with doubts and fears,
Thou wilt wipe away our tears.

8. Lord

8. Lord, bring on the joyful day,
Make our ſorrows flee away;
Gather all the ſaints in one
Thee to praiſe around the throne.

HYMN CXII.

A THOUSAND foes prepare to war
Againſt a feeble ſaint;
Jeſus, in my behalf appear,
And chear me leſt I faint.

2. Give me a heart divorc'd from ſin,
Shut up from worldly care;
Conſtant, ſincere, and fervent in
The exerciſe of pray'r;

3. Watchful in every work and word,
Ready to ſpeak thy praiſe;
Arm'd with thy ſpirit's two-edg'd ſword,
And cloath'd with ev'ry grace;

4. Fill'd with a godly filial fear,
A conſtant jealous care,
Leſt I from the right path ſhould err,
Or fall into a ſnare:

5. To every earthly object dead,
Alive to things above;
Conform'd unto my living head,
And fill'd with burning love.

6. Let furious heats no more moleſt,
Nor paſſions chaſe my mind;
Quench all ill humours in my breaſt,
And make me meek and kind.

7. Grant

7. Grant me a ſerious ſober mind,
From levity ſet free;
That I may ſhew to all mankind
Thy image, Lord, in me.

8. Aſſume in me thy dwelling-place,
Thy temple, and thy throne;
Then ſtubborn ſelf ſhall bend to grace,
And Antichriſt fall down.

HYMN CXIII.

GLORY and honour be to Thee,
Thou ſelf-exiſtent deity;
Thee we revere, and Thee adore
In mercy infinite, and pow'r.

2. To Thee, our joyful hearts we raiſe;
To Thee, we bring our ſongs of praiſe,
Whoſe bounteous care and love inſures
Celeſtial bleſſings to our hearts.

3. Unto the holy triune God,
Who haſt on us poor worms beſtow'd
Such favours, ſuch amazing grace,
We pay our homage, thanks, and praiſe.

HYMN CXIV.

At BAPTISM.

THOU Lord, deſigning thy ſaints to own
In thy appointed ways,
This ordinance with bleſſings crown,
And tokens of thy grace.

2. Jointly

2. Jointly we raise our hearts to Thee,
Thy pow'rful spirit breathe;
And let this little Infant be
Baptiz'd into death.

3. Oh! let thy unction on him rest,
With grace his heart bedew;
And write within his tender breast
Thy name and nature too.

4. If Thou should quickly end his race,
His place with Thee prepare;
Or if Thou lengthen out his days
Continue still thy care.

5. Thy faithful soldier may he prove,
Begirt with truth divine,
A sharer of thy dying love,
A follower of thine.

HYMN CXV.

ANOTHER.

THY blessing, dearest Lord, we humbly crave
To rest on him, we now baptized have;
Convey the inward grace, thy seal impress;
And fix within his heart thy dwelling-place.

2. Bedew him with that precious blood of thine,
And wash the leper in the fountain clean:
Mould him into thy image, holy Lamb,
Transcribe upon his inward parts thy name.

3. With water man baptizeth, Thou with fire
To purge the dross, and quicken each desire;

Breathe

Breathe then thy ſpirit, and impart thy pow'r,
And bleſs this | infant / or perſon | now and evermore.

HYMN CXVI.

At the SACRAMENT.

AT thy table, Lord, I now am preſent,
Me with choiceſt dainties feaſt;
Let thy fleſh and blood afford a pleaſant
And a heavenly repaſt:
My poor heart with heavenly Manna nouriſh,
And my weak fainting ſpirits cheriſh;
Let me eat celeſtial food,
Taſte and drink thy precious blood.

2. Lo! beneath thy feet I lie, like Mary,
Self-abas'd thro' love divine;
Never will I from this poſture vary,
Till my heart be one with thine:
Kiſs me with ten thouſand thouſand kiſſes,
Hold me faſt in thy love's ſweet embraces;
Till I ſup with Thee above
In the realms of pureſt love.

HYMN CXVII.

ANOTHER.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy Lamb,
By thy church beloved;
Manifeſt thy ſweeteſt name,
To each heart approved.

3. Let

2. Crown this ordinance of thine
With a solemn blessing;
Let our feast be all divine;
Each thyself possessing.

3. Let thy flesh afford us food,
Ev'ry grace to strengthen;
Let our drink be Jesu's blood
Nature's pow'r to weaken.

4. Cause that bleeding sacrifice,
Once for sinners given,
To appear before our eyes,
Earnest of our heaven.

5. We partake the bread and wine,
Seals of our profession;
Of the inward grace the sign,
Symbols of thy passion.

6. We commemorate thy death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our hearts by faith
With unfeign'd thanksgiving.

HYMN CXVIII.

ANOTHER.

ENCOURAG'D by the word of grace,
We meet Thee at thy table, Lord,
Unveil thy lovely smiling face,
And one reviving look afford:
To us the bread of life be giv'n,
The bread which cometh down from heav'n.

2. We are unworthy, we confess,
One crumb of children's bread to taste;

But cloathed in thy righteouſneſs,
We humbly venture to the feaſt:
Amidſt thy ſaints, dear Lord, appear,
And manifeſt thy preſence here.

3. With heav'nly food our ſouls refreſh,
To us be known in breaking bread;
Remind us how thy ſacred fleſh
Was torn our hungry ſouls to feed;
Remind us how thy precious blood
Was ſhed to ſeal our peace with God.

4. While we review thy pain and ſmart,
And name the wounds for us receiv'd;
Let humble praiſes fill each heart,
And ev'ry ſuppliant be reliev'd:
Let love thro' ev'ry veſſel flow,
And cauſe our inmoſt ſouls to glow.

HYMN CXIX.

ANOTHER.

CHRIST our paſſover is ſlain
For us a ſacrifice;
Thro' his death we live again,
And thro' his fall we riſe:
By a living faith we eat
His fleſh, and drink his precious blood:
This the happy chriſtian's meat,
And this the gift of God.

2. While the elements we view,
The ſymbols of thy death;
Let thy blood our hearts bedew,
And all our paſſions bathe;
Jeſus, Maſter of the feaſt,
Now cauſe the life of light to ſhine;

We implore Thee for a gueſt
To realize the ſign.

3. While the bread and wine we ſee,
We ſtreightly call to mind
How Thou languiſh'd on the tree
For us, and all mankind:
Sunk in deep amaze, we muſe
And ſtudy on thy boundleſs love,
Viewing ev'ry wound and bruiſe,
Till we the ſweetneſs prove.

HYMN CXX.

For a FUNERAL.

SHOULD mortal men in folly ſpend
And meaſure out their days,
Eſtrang'd from Chriſt, the ſinner's friend,
Unſanctify'd by grace.

2. Death will deſtroy their carnal hope,
And bring their portion near;
Their unconverted ſouls ſhut up
In darkneſs and deſpair.

3. Such, as the calls of grace deſpiſe,
And ſin away their day,
The fiery burning lake ſhall ſeize
For its eternal prey.

4. But they, who thro' a living faith
In Chriſt an int'reſt have,
Are bleſs'd in life, and bleſs'd in death,
And bleſs'd beyond the grave.

5. When death, that meſſenger of peace,
Diveſts them of their clay,

Their ſighs, and griefs, and ſorrows ceaſe
And vaniſh quite away.

6. Tranſlated to the realms of bliſs,
They view their Saviour's face;
And glory in the paradiſe
Of boundleſs love, and praiſe.

7. They tune with one harmonious tongue
The honours of his name,
And join to ſing redemption's ſong
To God, and to the Lamb.

8. Worthy is he, they cry aloud,
To him all praiſe be giv'n,
Who bought us with his precious blood,
And drew our ſouls to heav'n.

HYMN CXXI.

ANOTHER.

THE Lord both gives and takes away,
And brings us to the tomb;
All human fleſh ſhall ſoon decay,
And Jeſus have his own.

2. To him be adoration paid,
Who gave us mortals breath,
On him, our happy ſouls be ſtaid,
The antidote of death.

3. From age to age he gathers in,
The travail of his ſoul;
Till he his purchas'd bride ſhall win,
And conſummate the whole.

4. The

4. Then ſhall his kingdom come with pow'r;
His ſaints to honour riſe,
Nor ever ſee corruption more,
But ſeize their calling's prize.

5. We then ſhall meet our friends again
Departed in the faith,
And jointly glorify the Lamb
Beyond the reach of death.

6. For this we look, for this we pray,
Come, Jeſus, quickly come;
Haſten that happy awful day,
And take the pilgrims home.

HYMN CXXII.

ANOTHER.

THIS is the portion, this the lot,
The period this of human frame;
Naked into the world we're brought,
Naked muſt we return again.

2. Vain man, remember thou art duſt,
Thy health and ſtrength ſhall ſoon decay;
Thou'rt only in this world a gueſt,
A Trav'ler lodging by the way.

3. Thy life is reckon'd but a ſpan,
Thy fleeting hours are very few;
Death is the ſtated end of man
We all are quickly haſt'ning too.

4. Fly then to Chriſt in him thou'lt find
A guide throughout life's narrow path;

A ſtay and anchor for thy mind,
A convoy in the ſtorms of death.

HYMN CXXIII.

Longing to be DISSOLVED.

LORD, I long thy face to ſee,
Waiting for a call from Thee;
Which ſhall bid me leave my clay,
And aſcend to endleſs day.

2. Saviour, let me hear the cry,
Which beſpeaks thy coming nigh;
Let me ſoon depart from hence,
Let my bridal day commence.

3. Gladly with my lateſt breath
I would bid adieu to earth;
Gladly leave my all below,
And unto my Saviour go.

4. I am weary thro' thy ſtay,
Burden'd with a houſe of clay;
Grieving that I cannot praiſe,
As I would, thy acts of grace.

5. And already I deſpair
This to do, while I am here;
Send thy angels quickly down
To convey me ſafely home.

6. Lord, excuſe my earneſt pray'r,
And unto my ſuit give ear?
'Tis thy grace that makes me cry,
Speak the word, and let me die.

7. Then, when Thou ſhalt once appear,
I ſhall meet Thee in the air;
Freed from ev'ry earthly load,
I ſhall ſee, and dwell with God.

8. Yet, my Lord, on Thee I'll wait,
Till it ſeems to Thee moſt meet
Me to call to Thee above,
There to ſing redeeming love.

HYMN CXXIV.

When ye ſee theſe THINGS, know that the END is nigh.

JEHOVAH, King of Kings,
With whoſe eternal praiſe
All the celeſtial arches ring;
While ſaints adore thy grace:
Worthy alone art Thou
To be by all ador'd,
The King of peace, and Juſtice too,
Who weild'ſt the flaming ſword.

2. Thy judgments, now abroad
Throughout this earthly ſphere,
Declare a ſin-avenging God,
And ſpeak diſtreſs is near:
For our repeated crimes
The frame of nature groans;
While creatures, fuff'ring for our ſins,
Expiring ſob in moans.

3. The earth doth travail too,
Well conſcious of the load;
And quaking ſtaggers too and fro
Before an angry God:

At

At his ſupreme command
She ſwallows quick and dead;
And deſolation ſeems at hand,
And judgment on our head.

4. The elements are ſeen
In a diſorder'd jar;
The days of ſorrow thus begin
With peſtilence and war;
Dread famine draweth nigh
To ſcatter death abroad:
Theſe great fore-runners loudly cry,
"Prepare to meet thy God."

5. Where ſhall the ſinners fly,
Or where a refuge find;
When tyrannizing death is nigh,
And hell ſtalks cloſe behind:
In vain for help they cry,
In vain themſelves they ſcreen,
For his all-ſeeing vengeful eye
Diſcerns their damning ſin.

6. His grace they here withſtood,
And mock'd his children dear;
They trampled on his precious blood,
And ſcorn'd to love or fear:
Therefore the God of pow'r
With burning vengance comes,
And will in the deciſive hour,
Declare their final doom.

7. Saints ſmiling hear th'alarm,
Which thunders thro' the air;
Their ſouls dependent on his arm,
His coming need not fear:
In that tremendous day
With boldneſs ſhall they ſtand,

Dreſt

Dreſt in the Saviour's bright array,
With joy at his right hand.

HYMN CXXV.

ANOTHER.

NATURE, ſtain'd with man's tranſgreſſions,
Trembling, quakes, and ſtarts aſide;
Howl ye careleſs unawaken'd,
Where, oh where! now will you hide?
Earth, the mother, ſwallows up her children quick.

2. Deſolation now is ranging
Round the world in various forms;
And Chriſt's ſervants are proclaiming
Shelter in enſuing ſtorms:
Oh! take warning — come, this is the goſpel day.

3. Earth's foundations now are reeling,
Shudd'ring ſtagger to and fro;
This the prelude of his coming
To redreſs his people's woe:
O ye virgins! trim your lamps; your Bridegroom comes

4. Wake, awake ye drowſy mortals,
Let your worldly projects die;
Hearken to theſe ſolemn warnings,
To the blood of ſprinkling fly,
Grieve his patience now no more — repent and live.

5 Scoff no more, ye perſecutors,
Lay ſelf-murd'ring weapons down;
Shortly ſhall both men and devils
His unbounded vict'ry own:
Bring your homage; pay your grateful tribute down.

6. Sing

6. Sing ye dear redeemed children,
Wait the dreadful happy hour;
Tho' the world be crush'd in ruin,
Jesus lives for evermore:
Bless the Saviour, thank and praise the crucify'd

HYMN CXXVI.

BEHOLD he cometh with CLOUDS &c. *Rev.* 1. 7.

HARK, hark! methinks, I hear a voice
Break thro' the skies in thundring roar;
He comes, he comes! O saints rejoice;
For time itself shall be no more.

2. Commission'd from th' eternal hills,
Gabriel in solemn pomp descends;
The frightful blast all nature feels,
Each marble tomb asunder rends.

3. Ye slumb'ring saints, arise, arise;
Go in, and take your promis'd bliss:
A Christ, a crown, a paradise,
Your happy portion ever is.

4. From the dark confines of the deep,
Appears Jehovah's happy bride;
The pris'ners waking from their sleep,
Arise to walk at Jesu's side.

5. Array'd she mounts the azure skies,
Fearless close by the throne doth stand;
Receives her calling's glorious prize
Presented by the Father's hand.

6. But sinners, who refused here
The Marriage-garment to put on,

Shudd'ring

Shudd'ring muſt naked then appear
To meet th' irrevocable doom.

7. See then, earth's maſſy pillars ſhake
Which millions now of ſouls ſuſtain;
Crackling a frightful noiſe they make,
When ſeiz'd by the devouring flame.

8. The flames in curling volumes riſe,
And ſpace immenſurable fill;
Glaring aloft up to the ſkies,
And glowing on from hill to hill.

9. The glitt'ring curtains of the ſky
Singed then, will like a ſcrowl be hurl'd;
With noiſe the heavens away will fly,
And drop into a burning world.

10. Each dazling lamp, each fiery ball,
Which twice three thouſand years have run
From their reſpective orbs ſhall fall,
And tumble in confuſion down.

11. The trembling rocks the ſtroke ſhall feel,
And tott'ring then diſtorted fall;
Nature's whole frame around will reel,
Until the flame hath burnt up all.

12. The briny ſurges of the deep,
Whoſe cooling property is o'er,
Away the lambient flames ſhall ſweep,
And fiercely claſh from ſhore to ſhore,

13. Where, wretch will be thy boaſting then?
How wilt thou ſhun the avenging rod?
Where wilt thou fly thyſelf to ſcreen,
When 'raign'd before an angry God.

14. Here

14. Here thou could'ſt muſt thyſelf, and ſay,
Tuſh, tuſh, the Lord doth not regard;
From offer'd grace thou turn'dſt away,
And ſo from glory art debarr'd.

15 When him unveil'd thine eye ſhall ſee,
Anguiſh and pain ſhall fill thy heart;
Thou to his bar muſt ſummon'd be,
And hear the heavy word —— depart.

16. And will this ſolemn day appear?
Muſt all before him ſtand arraign'd?
Fly then, oh! fly to Jeſus dear,
Whoſe mercy does thy ſin tranſcend.

17. Come ſinner then, obey his voice,
Who died in time to ſave mankind;
When he appears thou'lt then rejoice,
And leave a flaming world behind.

HYMN CXXVII.

FIGHT the good fight of FAITH. 1. *Tim.* 6.——12.

YE people, who wonder at me and my ways,
And cenſure, and judge, and condemn me always;
If you will but hear and believe, I'll relate
My name, and adventures, and my preſent ſtate.

2 I came from the loins of the firſt ſinner man;
Tho' born ſo far from him, yet like him I am;
And unto his miſery, contracted by th' fall,
Was born heir at law; ——'twas entail'd on us all.

3. Our Father thus bankrupt, was turn'd out of door,
And I from his loins came a debtor and poor;
The contract he broke was to him and his heirs,
And thus my firſt name to be ſinner appears.

4. My

4. My ſirname to ſinner was dark, dead, and blind,
Poor, guilty, condemn'd, and to priſon conſign'd;
Yet a priſ'ner of hope, who had freedom to rove
To ſeek for a friend, who a ſinner could love.

5. Whilſt wand'ring forlorn in my own native ſphere,
I heard a ſtrange voice, ſaying, get thee elſewhere;
Leave country and kindred, and come after me,
And thou a ſalvation moſt glorious ſhalt ſee.

6. No perſon I ſaw, but the voice I obey'd,
And follow'd not knowing by whom or where led;
Till one to the eyes of my mind did appear
All bloody and wounded with whips, nail, and ſpear.

7. I ſoon did perceive by his carriage and form,
'Twas Jeſus the Saviour with outſtretched arm;
Who ſcatter'd my fears, and remov'd all my guilt,
And bid me rejoice in his blood for me ſpilt.

8. He changed my garments, and gave me a name,
Hephzibah he call'd me; and kindl'd a flame
Of pure burning love in my cold heart of ſtone;
Mine eyes he anointed with ſalve of his own.

9. Afar off I then ſaw Immanuel's land
More charming, tho' diſtant, than any at hand:
Inflam'd with deſire, I long'd to be gone;
He arm'd me, and girt me, and bid me preſs on.

10. And now, like a travelling pilgrim, I'm bound
To the holy land, where true joys can be found:
My ſoul's reſolution is never to faint,
Till thro' diſſolution the pilgrim's a ſaint.

11. A race I'm running, and hope to obtain;
The world in its courſe does oppoſe me in vain;
Between the heats oft I gain cordials of grace,
Which giant-like make me rejoice in the race.

12. A wreſtler I am, and my combatants be,
Not fleſh and blood only, from which I could flee;
But ſpirits inviſible wicked and high,
Which I muſt or conquer, or certainly die.

13. My ſword, and my breaſt-plate, and helmet, and (ſhield,
I buckle around me when ent'ring the field;
Nor can all theſe ſave me, except that the Lord
Jehovah his ſtrength everlaſting afford.

14. I wreſtle and ſtrive, and I fight, and I run;
Oh! may I ne'er faint till the battle is won;
But thro' the Lamb's blood more than conqueror prove,
And triumph at laſt in the heaven of love.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Be SOBER be VIGILANT. 1 *Peter.* 5. 8

YE Brethren and ſiſters, who're called by grace,
Thro' plainneſs of preaching, to ſeek the Lord's face;
And come up from Egypt the land to poſſeſs
Which flows with ſalvation, and rivers of peace.

2. Tho' great is our warfare, yet juſt is our war,
We fight for that world whereof Abraham was heir;

Tho'

Tho' great was his offspring, and num'rous as ſtars,
For each there's a bleſſing, a portion, and ſhare.

3. What tho' we're but few, and our enemies ſtrong
Our Captain is great, and the war is not long;
He faints not like Moſes but holds up his hand,
Till ſafely his ſeed are brought home to their land.

4. Let all our minds be as the mind of one man,
United in love, and determin'd to gain:
When hearts and when hands are all joined in one,
Then tremble the nations as Iſrael paſs on.

5. Remember to ſprinkle each conſcience with blood,
This ſaves from deſtruction and maketh all good:
The myſtery of godlineſs lieth herein,
Tis blood, and blood only, which cleanſeth from ſin

6. Regard not the great, nor their favour eſteem,
Unleſs of the croſs they will ſubjects become:
When riches amongſt us can purchaſe a name,
The plague it is enter'd and ſpreading again.

7. Beware of the wiſdom which reigns among men,
This darkens the goſpel, is cheating, and vain:
As fine painted glaſs while it dazzles the eyes
Obſtructeth the light which ſhould come from the ſkies.

8. Stand faſt in the goſpel, and its liberty,
Cloſe join'd unto Jeſus may ev'ry heart be:
The point for the happy eternity's now,
We reap at the laſt, as in time we do ſow.

9. All those of the general assembly above,
Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in love;
Were once in distress in this valley of tears,
And came to their bliss thro' abundance of fears.

10. Thro' patience and faith after them let us press,
And trace from their footsteps the high way of grace:
'Tis now called day, but the night will soon come,
When labour must cease, and the lab'rors go home.

An APPEND-

AN

APPENDIX

To a COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BRITISH MUSEUM
12
49
FEB

AN APPENDIX To a COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

HYMN I.

"My Lord and my God." *John* 20.—28.

MY Lord, how great's the grace
That I dare Thee confess,
I, the least of all thy saints,
Own Thee for my Lord and God,
Bury all my sad complaints
In the ocean of thy blood!

2. 'Tis favour all divine
That I, my God, am thine!
I'm a brand pluckt from the fire,
Rank'd among the sons of faith,
Number'd with the ransom'd quire,
Rescu'd from the second death.

3. This miracle of grace
I yet would further trace:
Thou hast lov'd me as thine own,
Lov'd me e'er the world began;
Love compell'd Thee to come down
To redeem poor fallen man.

4. For me in deepest woe
Thou agoniz'd below:

Toil'd and travel'd in my ſtead,
Languiſh'd for me on the tree,
Pow'd in death thy ſacred head,
Giving up the ghoſt for me.

5. My God, what ſhall I ſay,
What homage to Thee pay!
I adore thy lovely name,
Glory only in thy croſs,
Bend in holy humble ſhame,
Deeming other objects droſs.

PART II.

6. When I ſurvey thy ways,
I'm loſt in love and praiſe,
Thou haſt call'd me as thine own,
Juſtify'd me thro' thy blood,
Bought me to enjoy the peace
Given to the ſons of God.

7. I thy adopted ſon,
Am now thy fleſh and bone:
All Thou art, and haſt is mine,
Thou thyſelf to me haſt given;
All I am, and have is thine,
Thine on earth, and thine in heaven.

8. To Thee, Thou Prince of peace,
Thou giver of all grace,
All I am I dedicate,
All I have I ſacrifice,
Ready at thy beck I wait,
Ready at thy call I riſe.

9. I gladly bid adieu
To each purſuit below:

Wealth

Wealth and honour I disclaim,
Leave the husks for better food,
Quit each worldly selfish aim,
Feed on Jesu's flesh and blood.

10. My heart would fix above,
And center in thy love:
Oh! I long to see thy face,
Ardently I wish for home,
Then my soul, at perfect peace,
Thee shall know as I am known.

HYMN II.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit." *Psalm.* — 51. — 12.

'TIS my burden, O my God,
That I've been unfaithful
To the grace and light bestow'd,
And also unthankful.

2. 'Tis my daily grief I find
That I'm so unholy,
That the passions of my mind
Are not subdu'd wholly.

3. Burn up all my dross and tin,
Purge away corruption,
Sap the very roots of sin,
Slay each vile affection.

4. Leave behind no filthy stain,
Heal my past backslidings;
Let thy spirit, O my Lamb,
Bring me fresh love-tidings.

5. Daily open to my view
The plan of ſalvation,
And adminiſter anew
Heav'nly conſolation.

6. To my heart the joys reſtore
Which I did inherit.
And ſupport me thro' the pow'r
Of thy holy ſpirit.

7. Let him paint Thee in my heart
In thy bloody figure,
And thereby freſh grace impart,
Heav'nly life and vigour.

8. Grant me ſtill to be inclin'd
Unto ſupplication,
Meek, and humble and reſign'd
In each diſpenſation.

9. Let me ſerve with godly fear,
Mixt with holy gladneſs;
Stranger to all worldly care,
And a ſervile ſadneſs.

10. Grant me this, and all I need,
Thro' thy blood and merit;
That I forward may proceed,
Strengthen'd by thy ſpirit.

HYMN III.

"Aſk and ye ſhall receive, that your joy may be full."
John. 16. --- 24.

THOU Lord haſt ſaid, "Aſk and ye ſhall receive;"
And I thy child the promiſe do believe:

In

In faith I aſk, in confidence draw nigh,
And low beneath thy footſtool proſtrate lie.

2. I want, and therefore aſk, a thankful heart,
Affected with the grace Thou doſt impart;
A heart to bleſs Thee, and to ſpeak Thy praiſe,
With fervency and love, throughout my days.

3. I want a meek, a humble, lowly mind,
Dead to this ſelf, and to thy will reſign'd,
From all ſelf-will and ſelf-exaltings free,
Conform'd in all things, and made like to Thee.

4. I want affections which may daily move
Towards the proper center of my love;
Affections crucify'd to all below,
Which at the name of Jeſus melt and glow.

5. I want to live in ſuch a daily frame,
That I may walk in ſpirit with my Lamb;
Receive my conſolation from his death,
And live the ſteady happy life of faith.

6. I want to live a life of pray'r and praiſe,
Devoted unto Thee in all my ways,
A life of conſtant fellowſhip with God,
A life ſupported thro' the Saviour's blood.

7. I want to read freſh leſſons of thy love,
I want the fulneſs of thy grace to prove,
I want thy blood and wounds, thy death and ſmart,
Imprinted deeply on this worthleſs heart.

8. I want to view Thee, in the goſpel-glaſs,
More clearly daily; till I face to face,
Behold Thee in Thy kingdom, and adore
With all Thy ſaints Thy perſon evermore.

HYMN IV.

"THOU didſt hide THY FACE, and I was troubled."
Pſalm. 30 — 7.

I HAVE ſinn'd againſt Thee, Lord,
Thy ſpirit I have griev'd;
Liſt'ning to the ſerpent's word,
I'm of my joy bereav'd:
I've departed from thy love,
And lodg'd Thy foes within my heart;
Now the bitter fruit I prove,
The ſorrow and the ſmart.

2. Far excluded from thy ſight,
In darkneſs now I ſtray,
Stranger to the former light
Which chear'd me by the way:
Darkneſs broods upon my mind,
And veils and overſpreads the whole;
Nothing but diſtreſs I find
In my benighted ſoul.

3 Thou might juſtly on me frown,
And leave me thus to mourn;
My poor faithleſs heart diſown,
Nor ever more return:
But Thy nature, Lord, is love,
Thy blood hath a prevailing plea;
Lo! it pardon pleads above,
And why not then for me

4. Thou art ſtill the ſinner's friend,
The mourner's ſure relief,
Thou that heareſt pray'r attend,
And cure my heart-felt grief:
'Tis Thy abſence that I mourn,
Thy abſence gives me daily pain;

Till

Till in peace Thou dost return,
I mourn, and mourn again.

5. All my wanderings forgive,
And my backslidings heal,
My poor fainting soul revive,
And rend in twain the veil;
Fresh discov'ries of thy love
As cordials to my heart afford;
Speak me into perfect peace,
And love me freely, Lord.

6. After this my soul doth pant
With painful strong desire;
This, even this, is all I want,
To this I now aspire:
Thy salvation, Lord, restore,
Return, and dwell within my heart;
Let me ne'er provoke Thee more,
Nor grieve Thee to depart.

HYMN V.

"Without me ye can do nothing." *John*, 15.--- 5.

MY Lord, I frankly own myself
A sinner base and vile,
And yet I know I am become
The purchase of thy toil.

2. But in myself I daily feel
I'm very weak and frail;
And without Thee can nothing do,
But stumble, yea, and fall.

3. 'Tis Thou, O Lord, must me uphold,
Or ah! where shall I be?

I soon

I ſoon ſhould fall from Thee, and plunge
Myſelf in miſery.

4. But I do firmly truſt that Thou
Wilt never me forſake;
But that Thou wilt in me be ſtrong,
When in myſelf I'm weak.

5. Preſerve me from the daily ſnare,
I am expos'd unto,
And guide me in the path of life,
And teach me what to do.

6. As ivy round the tree doth twine,
So would I cling to Thee;
Untill, my heart be one with thine,
And Thou art one with me.

7. Oh! let thy ſufferings and thy death,
Be precious to my ſoul,
The ſource of all my happineſs;
And Thou my all in all.

8. May I with ſteadineſs behold
Thy bloody wounds always;
And wax ſtill ſtronger in the faith,
And grow from grace to grace.

9. But I can never praiſe Thee, Lord,
Nor e'er enough adore
Thy boundleſs love to my poor ſoul,
When Thou my ſorrows bore.

10. I freely own, I never can
Thy glory here ſet forth,
Eternally I'll ſing Thy praiſe,
And ſpeak Thy matchleſs worth.

HYMN VI.

"Whatever a man SOWETH, that ſhall he alſo REAP."
Gal. 6.—7.

O LORD, with force and power impreſs
On all our minds the great concern,
To ſave our ſouls to taſte thy grace,
Salvation's leſſon here to learn.

2. The ſeed-time for hereafter's now,
Time is the hinge of woe or bliſs;
At laſt we reap, as here we ſow,
Eternal miſery or peace.

3. If Chriſt is known below by faith,
And we thro' grace are born again,
Through Him we triumph over death,
And ſhall for ever live and reign.

4. But if we ſlight the offer'd grace,
And fix our hearts on things below,
And heedleſly our moments paſs,
We then may look for endleſs woe.

4. Oh! may we all prepare to die,
In time prepare to meet our God;
May want oblige us to draw nigh
To cleanſe our ſouls in Jeſu's blood.

6. Lord, grant us then thyſelf to know,
This knowledge above all we crave;
Since every breath we mortals draw,
Doth bring us nearer to the grave.

HYMN VII.

"The SABBATH was made for MAN." *Mat.* 12. — 8.

WHEN God had finiſhed the work
Of the Creation's frame;
He reſted on the ſeventh day,
And ſanctify'd the ſame.

2. It He appointed for a ſign
To preach to ſinful man
The reſt, both gracious and divine,
In Chriſt our Lord again.

3. The Jewiſh lands in ſabbath lay,
The ſervant, ſlave, and beaſt;
The ſtranger, in their gates, alway
Obſerv'd the ſhadowy reſt.

5. While we who live in clearer days,
And think ourſelves more wiſe,
Neglect the Lord of Sabbath's praiſe,
And this his day deſpiſe.

5. The day he burſt the bonds of death,
And triumph'd o'er the tomb;
And on his ſorrowing friends did breathe
The power of worlds to come.

6. No more let's meet with wand'ring eyes
The painted tombs to view;
Nor ſtare, like brutes, the prey to ſpy,
Or hear the tale that's new:

7. Nor laugh, like fools, at ſacred things,
Nor babble in our prayer,
With lips drawn near the King of Kings,
And leave our hearts elſewhere.

8. But

8. But let us join in faith and love,
And ſtand at Zion's gate;
The God of Sabbath's power to prove,
Who to be gracious waits.

9. Preachings will fail and Sabbaths end,
And means of grace will ceaſe;
When we, at his divine command,
O'er Jordan's river paſs.

HYMN VIII.

"Praiſe the LORD O JERUSALEM, Praiſe thy GOD O ZION." *Pſalm.* 147. — 12.

COME let us ſcan the mercies o'er,
Which daily us purſue,
For great and manifold's the ſcore,
And ever ever new.

2. We live in peace beneath our vine,
While war devours abroad;
And taſte the ſweets of love divine
Under a gracious God.

3. Loaded with fruit our vallies ſing,
And clap their teeming hands;
While liberty proclaims our King,
The Father of his land.

4. While ample liberty's enjoy'd,
And property ſecure,
The ſilver trumpet ſounds aloud
The goſpel to the poor.

5. Salvation rings from ſhore to ſhore,
Unweary'd is the cry;

" Sinners, repent and sin no more,
Believe, and never die."

6. Free-grace has reach'd the blind and lame,
And brought the wand'rers home:
And still the cry in Jesu's name
Is " Come, for there is room."

7. The Pharisees, more wond'rous still;
Have heard the pow'rful voice,
Which turns the stout self-righteous will
In Jesus to rejoice.

8. Sinners the complex of 'em all,
With death and hell agreed,
In murd'ring villanies grown tall,
And ripe for vilest deed.

9. Even those have heard redemption's sound
Awakening keen desire
Of flaming love to Jesu's wounds,
Brands snatcht from burning fire.

10. When Christ descends to raise the dead,
And heaven shall pass away,
What cave can screen the guilty head,
Who now neglects this day.

11. Where will the wicked then appear,
Or how escape the doom:
Hark, how they cry damnation's here,
The wrath of God is come.

12. Clad in a cloak of fiery zeal,
The judge of all appears;
Convicts, and dooms his foes to hell
In fiery brimstone snares.

HYMN IX.

"At, or before BAPTISM."

JESUS Chriſt our Lord and Saviour,
In whom all God's fulneſs dwells,
Thou the ſinner's friend for ever,
Who their wants both knows and feels;
By this act we are confeſſing
Birth-pollution in our frame;
And hereby our faith profeſſing
Of ſalvation in thy name.

2. Hear us, Lord, and grant us pardon,
Parents, miniſter, and all;
Thro' thy prieſtly interceſſion
Let the bleſſing on us fall:
With this water thy blood mingle,
That the fleſh-born leprous ſoul,
May while we the body ſprinkle,
Now be cleanſed, and made whole.

HYMN X.

"EDIFY one ANOTHER, even as alſo ye DO."
Theſ. 5.—11.

BY Jeſu's kind permiſſion,
Who governs earth and ſkies,
And gives to us remiſſion
Thro' his great ſacrifice,
Once more we're brought together
Our burdens to unfold,
And build up one another,
Leſt faith and love grow cold.

2. We now, in Jeſu's preſence,
With Mary chuſe our place;

And wait to feel th' influence,
Of his refreshing grace;
We still have got no off'ring,
But what is lame or blind;
'Tis only thy dear suff'ring
We wish to bear in mind.

3. This still be our foundation
In all our works and ways,
While in these habitations
Of weak and marred clay;
No God, but him in Jesus,
Who deign'd thro' grace to be
Our Saviour Christ to bless us,
Amongst us nam'd shall be.

4. Come then, Thou flame-ey'd Saviour,
Thy beams of life impart;
Each evil-root discover
That lurks in any heart:
The Agag hew in pieces
With thy two-edged sword;
Bind up, and cure, the bruises
Thro' thine all healing word.

5. We all as helpless sinners
Receiv'd thy word of grace;
And still as poor beginners
We stand before thy face:
We nothing are possessing
But what we have receiv'd;
And still we take thy blessing,
As those who ne'er believ'd.

6. Diffuse thro' all our spirits
The sap of life's cement,
And on thy blood and merit
Still keep our minds intent;

That

That in this bleſſed union,
Which is by grace begun,
We may have ſweet communion,
Until our race be run.

HYMN XI.

"CHRIST our paſſover is ſacrificed for us." 1 *Cor.* 5. --- 7.

CALL to mind the ſolemn ſeaſon,
Ye diſciples of the Lord,
When the Paſchal Lamb was eaten
In obedience to the word:
Aweful was the mid-night ſupper.
When they round the table ſtood,
Eating of the Lord's paſſover,
Sprinkling of their doors with blood.

2. 'Twas a night of obſervation,
By perpetual fixt decree,
To the choſen generation
In their every family,
To remind 'em by the ſignal
Of diſcriminating blood,
How the direful mid-night angel
Scatter'd death the land abroad.

3. While beneath the blood of ſprinkling
Iſrael ſafe in harbour lay,
Egypt's full of rueful wailing;
Emblem of the judgment-day.
Did the tribes for a remembrance,
Annually obſerve the ſign;
Shall not we who have the ſubſtance
Celebrate the feaſt divine.

4. Chriſt our paſſover is killed
By the curſe of law divine;

And his precious blood was ſpilled,
Whereof now we ſee the ſign
By his ſanction.---- When deep anguiſh
(In the night of vengeful ire)
Made his righteous ſoul to languiſh
In the ſin-conſuming fire.

5. Come, Thou holy bleſſed ſpirit,
Give us now a lightening beam
To behold his blood and merit
Flowing in the ruſhing ſtream.
While we eat and drink the tokens
Of our Saviour's dying love,
Make his blood and body broken
Life and ſpirit to us prove.

6. Come, Thou Father of the feſtal,
Shew thyſelf thro' ſolemn ſigns,
To thy church, now at thy footſtool,
Waiting for a kiſs divine:
To our ſouls thy mouth be laying,
Breath throughout thy breath divine;
Let thy ſpirit while we're praying,
Join, and ſeal us ever thine.

HYMN XII.

He brought me to the Banqueting-House, and His banner over me was *Love*." *Can.* 2. 4.

NOW we're met in ſweet communion,
In the pow'r of Jeſu's name,
Center of that bleſſed union
Of our God, the church, and Lamb:
Happy fruit of Jeſu's paſſion,
Bleſſed, yea thrice bleſſed we,

Who

Who enjoy this great ſalvation,
In a choſen family.

2. Spirit now be us baptizing
Many ſinners into one;
Jeſus, thro' thy agonizing,
Make us of Thee fleſh and bone:
See the travail of thy manhood
In the union of thy ſeed;
Dwell amidſt thy royal prieſthood:
Daily for them interceed.

3. Now, by grace, we many members
Flow together in one head,
And in doing this remember
Jeſus Chriſt, our living bread,
Who alive, and dead, was wounded
To give vent for healing ſtreams;
Grace free-grace, from hence abounded,
And us cleans'd from all our ſins.

4. Drink, O drink, my beſt beloved,
Drink, abundantly he cries;
Thou, my Dove, to me eſpouſed
By the deareſt ſtrongeſt ties,
View thy Bridegroom white and ruddy,
As he dy'd upon the tree;
Drink, and eat my blood and body,
Now held forth by ſigns to thee.

5. This the ſignal of my paſſion,
This the pledge of matchleſs love,
This the ſeal of thy ſalvation,
Emblem of the quires above:
Throw thy arms, O Jeſus, round me,
Come my love, make haſte away;
Throw thy arms, O Jeſu, round me;
Kiſs my ſoul to brighteſt day.

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

" The TRUMPET shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised incorruptible." 1. *Cor.* xv. 52.

SEE Christ, enthron'd at God's right hand,
On Zion's holy hill!
Angels in minist'ring order stand
To execute his will.

2. Dread silence fills the vaulted dome,
" Go, Gabriel, go, he cries,"
" Go, call my slumb'ring servants home,—"
Th' obedient Seraph flies.

3. Upon the op'ning heavens he stands,
Rings waking peals around,
Which sink the ocean to the sands,
And tear the trembling ground.

4. The shout is heard,—all flesh arise
Promiscuous from their tombs:
The judge descends, and leaves the skies,
To pass the final doom.

5. The Judge, his golden sceptre waves,—
(Whose sparkling countenance
Dazzles the sun's meridian blaze,)
The ransom'd sheep advance.

6. Come near ye blessed saints, he cries,
Receive the promis'd crown,
I've done away your tears and sighs,
And seal'd you for my own.

7. Then turning to the trembling crowd,
Who disesteem'd his grace,

He

He ſpeaks, like thunder from the cloud,
And frowns them from his face.

8. "Depart, depart, ye ſelf-condemn'd
To ſee my face no more:"
Forthwith the gulph her jaws extends,
They fall with hideous roar.

9. O dreadful plunge! from endleſs day
Into the lake of fire.
Devils outrageous catch their prey,
And gorge their vengeful ire.

10. Flakes of ſulphureous coals ariſe,
And bellowing croud around;
The hollow vault, with groans and cries
Returns the doleful ſound.

11. Sinners, reflect, now, now 'tis day,
Slight not the goſpel-call;
Fly to his arms without delay,
Who ſtands to welcome all.

HYMN VIX.

Worthy the Lamb.

GLORY to God on high,
Let praiſes fill the ſky;
Praiſe ye his name!
Angels his name adore
Who all our ſorrows bore,
And ſaints cry evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2. All they around the throne
Chearfully join in one
Praiſing his name!

We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

3. To him our hearts we raiſe,
None elſe ſhall have our praiſe:
Praiſe ye his name!
Him our exalted Lord,
By us below ador'd,
We praiſe with one accord:
Worthy the Lamb.

4. If we ſhould hold our peace,
Stones would cry out apace:
Praiſe ye his name!
Love does our ſouls inſpire
With heav'nly pure deſire,
And ſets us all on fire,
Worthy the Lamb.

5. Join all the human race
Our Lord and God to bleſs:
Praiſe ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noiſe,
And ſay with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

6. Tho' we muſt change our place,
Our ſouls ſhall never ceaſe:
Praiſing his name!
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And without ceaſing ſing,
Worthy the Lamb.

FINIS.

FINIS